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CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	169
MR. SNOWDEN'S PROBLEM	172
TOWN AND COUNTRY PLANNING	173
HITLER'S TROOPS AT WORK	174
ECONOMIC NOTES ON FREE TRADE. By J. M. Keynes	175
EXPERIENCES TO LOOK BACK ON. By Y. Y.	176
STORM OVER THE MORAY FIRTH	177
THE DIE-HARDS. By MacFlecknoe	178
CORRESPONDENCE	178
"A Revenue Tariff" from Professor Robbins; Sir L. Chiozza Money; Barbara Drake; H. G. Chancellor; R. S. Boden; W. F. Charles; Sir Henry Page Croft, M.P.; L. A. Morrison. Other Correspondence from R. Mallett; H. A.; Helen Thomas; X. Y. Z.; J. Paton; A. E. Wain; Nigel Birch.	
ALL FOOLS' DAY. By Eric Partridge	182
THE ARTIST AND THE GENTLEMAN. By W. J. Turner	183
A LOVE RETURNED. By J. C. Squire	185
THE SPINNER. By A. E. Lloyd Maunsell	185
PLAYS AND PICTURES	185
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Richard Sunne	187
REVIEWS:	
New Novels. By Proteus	188
Caroline Again. By Lyn Ll. Irvine	189
The Post-War World	190
How London is Governed	190
The Later Graves	192
SHORTER NOTICES	194
GRAMOPHONE NOTES	194
ABOUT MOTORING	196
PLAYTIME. By Caliban	198
THE WEEK IN THE CITY	200

Spring Books Supplement.

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EUROPE is all agog with excitement this week over the proposed Customs Union between Austria and Germany. The announcement last Saturday seems to have taken Governments as well as peoples by surprise. France is furious, and denounces the project as a breach, if not of the Peace treaties, at least of the Geneva Protocol of 1922, which forbids any surrender of Austria's economic independence. Czechoslovakia and Italy have joined in the French view and lodged their protests. The British Government have been more cautious and have passed no judgment. Germany and Austria, of course, do not admit the charge of violating their obligations. This is not an exclusive union, they say; indeed, they would welcome others in. And they even argue that it ought to be hailed by all—and particularly by France—as the first practical step to M. Briand's "United States of Europe." So it might, if things—and nations—were not what they are to-day. But the French fear is political. An Austro-German *Zollverein*—harmless or even beneficial all round though it might be on purely economic grounds—is looked on as the thin edge of the *Anschluss* wedge. And the *Anschluss*, to France and those who think and tremble in unison with her, is an abomination.

For our own part, we regard the complete union of Austria and Germany as a perfectly proper thing, if both of them desire it. There is no moral ground on which its prohibition can be defended, and there are strong practical arguments in its favour. There is, however, a time for all things, and nobody pretends that this is the time for the *Anschluss*. But what, then, is to be done about the proposed Customs Union? The lowering of tariff barriers on the Continent is what men of sense and goodwill have been preaching and struggling for in season and out of season. It will be deplorable if now, when two States are eager to begin the work, they are to be stopped because a bogey haunts Paris and Prague and Rome. On the other hand, there are other issues at stake. Europe must not be turned into a bear garden on the eve of the Disarmament Conference. All things considered, Mr. Henderson's suggestion that the project shall be referred to the Council of the League seems the best way out of the immediate difficulty. The Germans, unfortunately, are opposed to this; but we hope their refusal is not final. They can, no doubt, insist on their rights. But the League also has its rights, and this is surely a case where there is everything to gain and nothing to lose by full and calm discussion. Intransigence on either side can only lead to disaster. A little yielding on the part of Germany and Austria may not only lead to their winning their point in the end, but may help in exorcising the demon of funk that possesses France.

The Conservatives have now tabled a vote of censure on the Government for their failure to deal with unemployment, and have refrained from mentioning either tariffs or any other specific remedy in the terms of the motion. Obviously they are angling for the support of the followers of Sir John Simon and Sir Oswald Mosley, and hope to snatch a majority out of the divisions in the Liberal ranks. They are not, however, at all likely to succeed; for the Mosleyites are few, and the Simonites fewer still. The large minority which dissented from Mr. Lloyd George at the Liberal meetings this week does not mean an accession to the strength of Sir John Simon; they are merely hesitating because of tactical considerations in their own constituencies. Sir John's "rank and file" consists at present of Sir Robert Hutchison.

* * *

But the situation both for the Government and the Liberals is precarious. Mr. Lloyd George's proposed terms for continued support of the Government include not only a more positive unemployment policy, but also reform of the abuses of the dole. This phrase is, indeed, wide enough as it stands to cover almost anything, from a reasonable reform of the Unemployment Insurance system to an unreasonable attempt to deprive *bona fide* unemployed workers of benefit or to enforce a general reduction in weekly payments. If it means the former, well and good, though we doubt if any reasonable Bill dealing with the question will get easily through Parliament. If, on the other hand, the Liberals want to cut benefits or throw a section of the unemployed back on the Poor Law, collaboration will become impossible. Until we know which is meant, the relations between Mr. Lloyd George's followers and the Government will presumably remain in their present—and perhaps desirable—ambiguity.

* * *

Mr. Thomas Johnston enters the Cabinet as Lord Privy Seal, with a not too clearly defined function as Minister in charge of certain aspects of the unemployment problem. The new appointment creates an interesting situation; for Mr. Johnston and Mr. Lansbury were, it is understood, jointly associated with the memorandum drafted by Sir Oswald Mosley before his resignation from the Government, and with the demand for a more advanced and courageous unemployment policy. We do not know whether Mr. Johnston is still of the same mind as he was before the setting-in of the world slump, or whether he will now urge upon the Cabinet all or part of the policy that was then rejected. We sincerely hope that he will. Admittedly it is harder now, because of financial stringency, to embark upon a policy demanding large expenditure; but the case for a serious attempt to get a substantial section of the younger men who have been long out of employment back to useful work is as good as ever. We hope that Mr. Johnston's promotion to Cabinet rank is a sign that the Government are now prepared to consider something more effective than the present attempts to speed up the provision of work by grants to the local authorities; and we look to the new Lord Privy Seal, who is reputed to be a fighter, to put up a good fight in the Cabinet for this point of view.

The execution of the murderers of Mr. Saunders at Lahore has had lamentable results in India. Bhagat Singh has been canonised as a martyr and saint, and demonstrations, official and unofficial, in his honour have culminated in a savage outbreak of rioting and destruction at Cawnpore, in which many were killed and injured. The storm has even struck Mr. Gandhi himself. Despite his tributes to the murderers, a section of the wilder Nationalists has turned on him and attacked him—with sticks and stones as well as words. Our sympathy with the apostle of non-violence would be stronger if he were less ready to condone violence. But this outburst does not, of course, mean the end of his influence; his leadership is not seriously threatened, and it is probable that the assaults of yesterday will enhance his popularity to-morrow. He had, indeed, an enthusiastic welcome when he arrived at Karachi on Wednesday, and all the chief Congress men—except, perhaps, Pandit Jawarharlal Nehru and Mr. Subhas Bose—are at his back. What is he going to do, and what is the Congress going to do, at this Karachi session? Prophecy is dangerous; but the omens look fairly good. The Mahatma stands by his agreement with the Viceroy, and the opposition to it in Congress circles is weakening. The agenda is a long and important one, and though some of the decisions taken will doubtless be unacceptable, we may hope that the main question of co-operation in the work of the Round Table will be satisfactorily settled.

* * *

The Most Favoured Nation Clause has been for a long time past the corner stone of British commercial policy. In return for our grant of freedom of entry to imports, we have asked and secured most-favoured-nation treatment from a host of countries throughout the world. But it now appears possible that the action of other countries may put this time-honoured policy into the melting-pot; for the set-back to Mr. Graham's tariff truce plan leaves the way open for reciprocal bargains between particular countries, and the existence of treaties embodying the Most Favoured Nation Clause is held in certain cases to stand in the way of such bargains. The abandonment of the tariff truce will be a calamity if it leads to a renewal of tariff warfare in Europe; but it may work out the other way, since if there is to be no general agreement countries may be more disposed to conclude mutual bargains for a lowering of tariffs. This country may then have to face a difficult situation. On the one hand, we cling to most-favoured-nation treatment as an important guarantee of facilities for British trade; on the other hand, it is greatly to Great Britain's interest to do all she can to help any movement that makes for lower tariffs in Europe. Perhaps Mr. Graham, now that his first plan has miscarried, will take the question up again, in the hope of devising a formula that will protect our interests without putting obstacles in the way of special concessions between countries on a mutual basis.

* * *

The victory of Mr. Duff Cooper at St. George's signalises a crushing defeat of three really bad causes: the "Firm Hand in India," which would mean a

peculiarly horrrible kind of war; "Empire Free Trade," which sane thinkers, whatever their affiliations, know to be nothing but a ramp; and a new technique in representative government which would mean the appointment of party leaders by irresponsible press lords. Barons Pip and Squeak have retired, badly hurt; indeed, their newspapers have almost ceased to allude to the "policies" fathered upon the unfortunate Sir Ernest Petter. The St. George's election marks at least one climax—we do not know how many more there will be—in the long-drawn-out Beaverbrook-Baldwin battle: as a result of it Mr. Baldwin may fairly be said to have consolidated his position. As for the press lords, their sudden loss of interest in "Empire Free Trade" may be partly due to the factitious character of their activities, and partly to a realisation that these hectic excursions into the political field are bad for circulation. The *Daily Mail*, after lending its valuable support to the principle of wholesale food taxes, has, characteristically, now started a new stunt about the excessive price of foodstuffs.

* * *

The latest trade returns reflect, on the one hand, a continued contraction everywhere in industrial activity and, on the other hand, the recent precipitate fall in the world level of prices. For the first two months of the year our retained imports totalled £127.8 millions as compared with £173.2 millions last year; while our exports of merchandise, in the same period, dropped from £110.2 millions in 1930 to £69.4 millions in the present year. The exports which have dropped most heavily continue to be those of our basic industries; cotton, for example, has dropped from £20.9 millions to £10.3 millions, and iron and steel products from £10.2 millions to £5.8 millions. Manufactures of all kinds are affected, and the diminished purchasing power of those countries from which we buy foodstuffs and raw materials is clearly revealed. As regards our imports, the heaviest fall has been in raw materials; retained imports of raw cotton, for example, are down on the two months from £12.5 millions to £4.6 millions. From one point of view, the low prices of raw materials is a not unfavourable feature; but, as already emphasised, it is symptomatic of the greatly diminished purchasing power of the countries to which we sell. This disparity between the price levels of primary products and of manufactured goods is a major cause of the world's economic ills.

* * *

The railwaymen are evidently very much up in arms against the award of the National Wages Board; and the officials, who by no means want a strike, are having a hard time in persuading their followers to acquiescence even under protest. We believe they will succeed in the end, and that a national railway strike, official or unofficial, is unlikely. The situation in the coal mines is more difficult; for in that case the decision of the Miners' Federation to withdraw its sanction from all arrangements for a spread-over of working hours is likely to make the conclusion of new district agreements impossible for the present. The miners, however, have the law on their side; and their action has had the good result of compelling the coalowners to meet the Federation nationally—which they have refused to do ever since the dispute of 1926. It may be that the miners, having thus forced the owners to recognise the Federation, will now be able to arrive at a national agreement. The Eight Hours Act is due to expire in June; and before that steps must be taken to decide whether some further temporary arrangement is to be made, or whether there is to be a return to the seven-hours day, with an accompanying dispute about the revision of wages. Another coal stoppage would be another disaster for everyone; and it is all to the good that owners and miners are at last to meet again on a national basis.

* * *

The final total of subscriptions to the Irish Sweep on the "National" was £1,755,963. £574,148 went in expenses and in contributions to Irish hospitals, and £1,181,815 is being distributed to prize-winners. Most of the money, quite evidently, was remitted from this country, of which a great part will return in the form of prizes; out of eighty-six persons drawing horses, sixty gave addresses in Great Britain. Nevertheless, it seems clear that, on balance, some hundreds of thousands of pounds have left this country for good. This constitutes a type of "invisible import" sufficiently large to figure in our balance of payments, for subscriptions to the Derby sweep, at this rate, may well total three or four millions. Surely only two courses are open to the Government. One is to enforce rigidly the laws against participation, so far as they are relevant. To do this would require a special magistracy and an army of police. The other is to reconsider the Lottery Acts, in the light of a new and a serious situation. Gambling, like drink, is doubtless an evil; but intelligent regulation may be a better way of handling it than futile attempts at suppression.

* * *

The case of the Foundling Hospital site is becoming urgent. There is real danger that, after serving for two years as a playground for children, Captain Coram's broad acres in the heart of London may be given over to commercial building. The option given to the Joint Committee which represents the children's interests expires on April 30th. Lord Rothermere, whose generosity saved the site two years ago, has again stepped forward with a handsome contribution of £50,000 towards the £425,000 required. Nor have other offers been lacking. But the amount needed is large and time presses. As London grows ever more crowded and the streets more dangerous, such open spaces as the beautiful one in Guilford Street become ever more rare and more precious. To see the site used for children's playgrounds and nursery schools, as it has been these last two years, has been a joy; to permit it to be snatched away now would be monstrous. We feel confident that Sir Edward Hilton-Young, who is acting as Hon. Treasurer at West Lodge, Guilford Street, W.C. 1, will receive enough money in small as well as in large amounts during the next few weeks to prevent so shocking a disgrace to London. We all have many calls on our purses, but we shall be mean citizens of a mean city if we let this one pass unheeded.

MR. SNOWDEN'S PROBLEM

AS the end of the financial year approaches, the cluster of advisers round the sick-bed of Mr. Snowden grows ever thicker and closer. What will Mr. Snowden do? The question has to be put in that form; for it seems to be clear that, whether or not he is well enough to present the Budget in person, he means it to be his Budget and no one else's. That is a fact of the first importance; for though no one is better than Mr. Snowden at keeping his own counsel, it is fairly safe to predict that certain things will on no account be done by him, or with his consent. Moreover, there is a strong block in the higher councils of the Labour Party irreconcilably opposed to tariffs. There will be no protective tariff as a way out of our financial difficulties; and, in spite of Mr. Keynes and Sir Josiah Stamp, we feel assured that there will be no revenue tariff either.

We see no cause to regret this; for Mr. Keynes has failed to convince us that either his project, or his estimate of its consequences, are sound. He has, indeed, if we understand him aright, based his case for an emergency tariff even more on grounds of protection than of revenue. He has argued that it will be difficult for Mr. Snowden to get the revenue he needs by any other means, without further discouraging business activity and impairing confidence, and has suggested, less plausibly, that even Free Traders may accept a revenue tariff in the belief that they can remove it later. But when he begins to argue in favour of his proposal *on protective grounds*, he appears to cut the foundations from under his feet. Such case as can be made out for a protective tariff is emphatically not a case for the imposition of duties at a flat rate (or at two rates) on all imported commodities, but essentially one for a selective system of safeguarding for particular industries and groups of products. Politically, therefore, Mr. Keynes's proposals play into the hands of the enemy. The high protectionists, who are poles asunder from him in political outlook and who dislike scientific inquiry, welcome a proposition which would enable them to say on every platform that the Labour Party had been converted to Protection. Mr. Garvin is delighted with Mr. Keynes's proposals, not, as he candidly admits, because he likes them in themselves, but because they would have the effect of committing Great Britain to full protection. If this country ever decides to " go Protectionist " it must do it deliberately, not under cover of easing a temporary financial embarrassment. And it would be suicidal for the Labour Party to adopt a policy loudly acclaimed by Mr. Garvin and Sir Henry Page Croft.

The advocates of a " revenue " tariff may answer that it is just because of the political impossibility of open Protection that they favour a flat rate. But surely there would have to be an overwhelming demonstration of the impracticability of raising the necessary money in any other way to justify so incalculable a gamble. Sir Josiah Stamp wants a revenue tariff in order to raise internal prices (to the obvious benefit of the railways and detriment of the export trades), whereas Mr. Keynes says it would raise prices not at all, or very little at most. No one can frame any estimate that is more than a mere guess about the volume of goods any given tariff would keep out, or about the effect of the excluded goods competing in other markets with our exports. No one knows even approximately what revenue the proposed tariff would yield, or what would be its repercussions on other sources of revenue. Surely it is a good thing for the country that Mr. Snowden is not the kind of man to be driven into so Churchillian an experiment as this.

Happily, there are other means of meeting our immediate difficulties. Our financial case is far less desperate than the apologists of a revenue tariff suppose. It is true that Mr. Snowden has to face a prospective deficit of round about £25,000,000, and that he looks like having a substantially larger additional deficit next year, on the basis of existing taxation, unless unemployment materially falls. These deficits, however, serious as they are, are not nearly so bad as they sound. They are not real losses on the year's working, but only reductions in the net amount appropriated to the reduction of the National Debt. Unless the borrowings of the Unemployment Insurance Fund, which do not figure in the Budget, are included, we are not actually spending beyond our income, even at the bottom of the most prolonged trade depression in our history, and in face of a huge expenditure on the unemployed and a far huger expenditure on the service of an inflated National Debt.

Nothing very dreadful would happen, even if Mr. Snowden were to decide against raising any additional revenue at all, and were, for the moment, to suspend all attempts to reduce the net volume of the National Debt—for this is, in effect, what such a policy would mean. As the *Economist* points out, even this year, with a deficit of about £25,000,000, we have, in fact, reduced the National Debt by about £30,000,000, after meeting this deficit. No irreparable damage, we suggest, would be done if, in effect, we were to suspend the Sinking Fund altogether for a year or two—that is, even if we were to offset our contractual repayments to America and other lenders by equivalent short-term borrowing, so as to leave ourselves on balance at the end of the year neither more nor less in debt than before.

But Mr. Snowden need not go so far as this. He can, we believe, raise some additional revenue without doing any serious damage to trade or to the standard of life. He can get a good deal more revenue out of beer and tobacco, and something more out of wines and spirits. He can tax entertainments and certain other luxuries more highly; and he can, we think, reasonably extend and increase the present tax on men-servants to cover domestic service in general. Further than this we would not go, by way of indirect taxation; and we would keep any increase in income tax within narrow limits, and confine it to the higher ranges of income. Death duties, we think, might be further increased, and we hope that, this year at least, Mr. Snowden will include in his Budget a considerable tax on land values. For the rest, we would, for the coming year, be content to let the nominal deficit continue, at the expense of the net appropriation for the repayment of debt.

Of course, this treatment of the problem is no more

than a makeshift, and we do not suggest that it should be repeated in a year's time, even if the depression is still in being. For there is a strong case for a substantial redistribution of the burdens of taxation. The intolerable and inequitable burden that is weighing us down consists, not in the sums we are spending on the social services, but in the swollen real cost of the National Debt. The £360,000,000 we are called upon to find each year for the service of the debt is a grossly inequitable charge in face of the changed level of prices, and a formidable obstacle to every kind of social and economic progress. Nor does the National Debt stand alone; for industry, too, is directly overweighted with fixed interest charges which have become excessive and unjust in precisely the same way. If not this year, then next year, we must find means of discriminating in our taxation between those who live on variable profit-margins and those whose incomes come to them from fixed charges on industry or on the State. To devise some more effective method of taxing the *rentier* class is, in our opinion, the only alternative to some form of forced reduction of interest rates.

We say this, because we believe not only that the *rentier* class is at present thriving at the expense of other sections of the community, but also because the State must have further sources of revenue in order to finance an expansion alike of the social services and of productive development. The limits of taxing the higher ranges of income have been reached, or nearly reached, only because we refuse adequately to discriminate between types and sources of income, and fail to spend money productively in ways designed to make good any falling off in the volume of private savings. A much nearer approach to economic equality is both desirable and inevitable in the near future; and this will involve a considerable recasting of our system of taxation. But for this year we can hardly expect Mr. Snowden to embark on large experiments in this field, as the ground for them will need to be carefully prepared. What we can hope is that he will see the wisdom of meeting the present emergency by suspending for the moment any attempt to reduce the National Debt, and that he will use the next twelve months in preparing the way for a thorough reconsideration of our present system of taxation.

TOWN AND COUNTRY PLANNING

TOWN planning is one of those things about which local administrators tend to be enthusiastic in principle, and apathetic, or at least dilatory, in practice. It is true that something has been done in these last few years—more perhaps than is generally realised—to rectify past errors and to avoid them for the future. Well over six million acres in this country are already under planning schemes, full blown or embryonic. But an immense amount remains to be done, and there are immense obstacles in the way of doing it under the existing law. Every lover of order, beauty and efficiency, therefore, should welcome Mr. Greenwood's new Bill, which was introduced a few days ago and will come up for second reading next week. It is not revolutionary—and indeed, there is no reason why it should be. What is needed is not revolution, but advance, and in the forty-four clauses and six schedules of the Town and Country Planning Bill there is the promise of steady advance and, given a little more public zeal and a little less private pigheadness, even of rapid advance.

It is naturally a complicated measure, but its general principles and its main aims are plain, and they are important. First and foremost, the scope of planning schemes is widened, as it must be if progress is to be made. Town planning is not enough; in fact, the planning of a town in isolation may very easily do more mischief than good. No town to-day, and no rural area, can treat itself as an island. Urban and country districts alike need planning, and both need planning as parts of a larger whole. In a word, it is regional planning that has been made imperative by the economic and social developments of the age. A number of the local authorities, of course, have long realised this, and have struggled to combine themselves into joint committees to deal with a problem that laughs at local government boundaries. But their job has not been easy, and it has been made harder by the pettymindedness or perversity of some of their neighbours. The Bill proposes to encourage, and if necessary to enforce (through the Minister's order) the establishment of regional planning authorities. And it proposes, too, to enhance their planning powers—to give them the right, which they do not at present possess, to deal with built-up areas, and to protect rural amenities and preserve "existing buildings and other objects of architectural, historic, artistic or natural interest or beauty." The planning authorities in the future will, therefore, be able to nip in the bud many vile devices of the speculative builder and the selfish and unimaginative landowner, to prevent the sprouting of Peacehavens, and to check the fury and the fantasies of "ribbon" development on the highways. They will also have more power to regulate building operations, to prohibit them in certain cases; to prescribe the character or number of buildings and the space to be left about them, or the manner of their use; to prevent land from being employed for dangerous or nasty purposes—for example, for refuse dumps.

Nor is this all. The Bill contains some very important provisions relating to compensation and "betterment." The general principles of compensation to owners of property compulsorily taken, or adversely affected by a planning scheme, still stand. But in certain cases the Minister of Health, if he is satisfied that the local authority is acting reasonably, may order that no compensation shall be payable. These cases are specified in the Bill; the chief of them are those we have just referred to—that is to say, where the local authority is in the common interest putting restrictions on the character or use of buildings or the use of land. The principle of betterment, on the other hand, is enlarged. The Bill provides that where a planning scheme results in the increase of value of any property, the responsible authority may recover from the owner the full amount of that increase—and not merely the fifty per cent. or so which it has hitherto been able to get. That is a fair and proper provision. The community should pay the landlord whose possessions it takes or damages; but it is neither equity nor sense that it should throw presents into his lap.

What are the prospects of this Bill in Parliament? It ought to go happily through as a non-contentious measure. All parties have advocated planning of this kind, and many of the Conservatives—including Mr. Neville Chamberlain, who came out boldly for it when he was Minister of Health—have shown themselves as zealous as Labour men

or Liberals for the public welfare in town and countryside. But we have little doubt that there will be opposition, and it is easy to foresee some of the objections that will be taken. There will be an outcry from private interests—an unjustified outcry, for every legitimate right of property is safeguarded. There is no " confiscatory Socialism " in the Bill, and indeed owners as a whole stand to benefit by it. Objection may be taken to the powers conferred on the Minister. Yet such new powers as he will have are but a logical and a moderate extension of what he already has. The principle of the Ministry putting pressure on backward local authorities, or acting in default if they refuse to carry out their duties, has long been accepted. The Housing Acts for years past have contained provisions for this. Nor, so far as private citizens are concerned, is the Minister to be set up as a Mussolini. His approval of planning schemes made by the local authorities, and regulations or orders made by himself, will be subject to review by the High Court, should any property owner be aggrieved.

As for criticisms on public grounds, there are two that are likely to be advanced, and neither of them has any substance. It may be said that this measure will do little or nothing to relieve unemployment. It is true that it makes no direct or immediate provision for setting men to work. But why should it? Its object is to plan the development of our towns and countryside, our houses and factories and roads and open spaces, on seemly and efficient lines. When those plans are made, and the moment comes for executing them, then no doubt labour will be required. Certainly the volume of unemployment that we are faced with is a good reason for speeding up plans which will presently mean more work. But it is not a good reason for confusing the issue and turning a Town and Country Planning Bill into an Unemployment Relief Bill. Emergency planning in this field will be bad planning. And finally, we suppose, the opposite plea will be heard. The " economisers " will protest that this is no time for ambitious schemes which will add to our financial burdens. That is an ill-conceived argument. The preparation of plans will obviously involve but little expense; their carrying out will involve more. But if the plans are good, will it not be a wise expenditure? The " rationalisation " of urban and rural development, for which Mr. Greenwood's Bill prepares the way, is not an extravagance. It is sound national economy.

HITLER'S TROOPS AT WORK

[FROM A GERMAN CORRESPONDENT.]

As far as Germany is concerned, the Continental Sunday has almost ceased to be that day of gay worldliness, once regarded with so much aversion by many Englishmen. This does not mean that the authorities have to concern themselves with the prohibition of picture-shows or charity concerts. Their task is of a sterner nature. It is nothing less than to prevent the weekly civil war in town and country. For in Germany Sunday has become the day of battle between the opposing forces of the Left and Right.

Those who have not followed the development of the old German Empire, who have not grown up in this country or experienced the militaristic character of pre-war Germany, will hardly be able to believe the spectacle which a German town presents on a Sunday morning. May be, it is a day of Fascist demonstration when the Nazis turn out in force. You are then awakened by the war-songs of groups of young men (who have never seen anything similar to war and are merely living on the traditions of their forefathers) marching along the streets in military order. You will easily recognise them by their flags, showing that old Indian sign of fertility (the Swastika) which by an error of some patriotic historian is now taken for a symbol of the Teutonic race. You will meet these young men with their flags again when the big show of the day has begun; the whole of their forces parade the streets with bands playing, accompanied by shouts of " Heil Hitler " and speeches designed to rally all followers. And all this under the supervision of a strong body of police, which has the task of preventing clashes between the Fascist troops and rival forces.

Such clashes occur frequently. Imagine the Fascist body in military order marching along the main roads of the city, with police in front and behind and on both sides. You will then see a Communist group, not so much in military order, but in an equally warlike mood, quickly being formed by people emerging from the side-streets marching in the opposite direction till they meet the Fascists. As soon as they are side by side with their opponents, they turn round and march beside them, all the time booing and shouting " Down with Hitler." The police have, of course, to walk between these two armies. Now the police are not liked by either party. They are called " Fascists " by the Communists and " Marxians " by Nazis. Such battle-cries as " Rot Front " (" Red Front," the war-cry of the now prohibited revolutionary workers' defence corps) or " Noske Bluthund " (a name given to the police since the atrocities they are supposed to have committed against Communists during the time of the Social-Democratic Minister Noske), are forbidden. But you are certain to hear these calls, either from the marching body or from the crowd of onlookers. The police, pushed about by the marchers, insulted by being called " bloodhounds," feel that they must do something. The moment they turn to dispersing the Communist body, or to arresting those who insult them, the fight between Communists and Fascists breaks out, and the police find themselves involved in a battle in which they are the opponents of both sides. If the situation becomes critical, the Communists disappear in the side streets merely to reappear as soon as there is a chance for another attack. No one will wonder that such quarrels sometimes lead to bloodshed.

Or, may be, it is a day when the Republicans call upon their followers to demonstrate against the growing danger of Fascism which is threatening the present German State. The Republicans comprise the Social Democrats (corresponding approximately to the Labour Party), the Centre Party (Roman Catholics) and the German State Party, the smallest of the three (which, though similar to the Liberals, differs from them in some important aspects). The result of the last elections, where the Nazis got 107 seats in the Reichstag, awakened the Republican parties to some extent from their feeling of security. Indeed, as the Nazis have threatened that the heads of those who undertook the revolution of 1918 shall fall, the leaders of the progressive parties may have to fear the worst in the case of a Fascist rule. Of course, there is a lot of empty verbiage in what the Nazis say, but the possibility of a Fascist revolt is an equal menace to all left wing organisations. Yet when the Republicans announce a demonstration, the Communists, so far from asking their followers to participate in a meeting of Social Democrats, actually arrange a procession of their members on the same day in almost the same part of the town and thus give occasion for further trouble. And whilst these two anti-Nationalist bodies, both protesting against the menace of Fascism, are quarrelling with one another, the Fascists will throw sneers and worse at them and even send out snipers after dark. Should the Social Democrats attempt to propagate their ideas in the villages

they can reckon on being attacked by a crowd with stones, sticks, spades and forks. And amidst all these disturbances the police stand by as another party, rather than an impartial guardian of the peace in Prussia, with strong leanings towards the Social Democrats, in Thuringia and Bavaria decidedly in favour of the Fascists, everywhere deadly opponents of the Communists.

On the whole the workers in the big industrial towns are very hostile to Fascism. In particular in the Ruhr district, where I am living at present, there are still vivid memories of the atrocities which the voluntary military bodies (so-called Freikorps) committed soon after the 1918 revolution, when they were called in by the industrialists to prevent an attempt on the part of the workers to enforce the nationalisation of the coal mines. In some parts there is scarcely a house where people do not mourn the loss of some one of the family who was killed at that time. It is understandable that in these circumstances the workers do all they can to prevent Fascist propaganda from gaining ground. When a Fascist meeting was called in Dortmund the other day a thousand workers occupied the hall, and started singing the " International " when the speaker appeared. Of course, this led immediately to the break-up of the meeting, street fighting occurred, and the police were busy all night putting down the disturbance. The Nazis are not always restrained even from wild excesses, such as murdering opponents and " traitors "—which is easy to understand if it is remembered that Herr Hitler himself declared that the individual lives of his adherents are of no importance to him. This is the party which one of the British press lords heralded as " a nucleus of strength about which the forces of Western civilisation may some day gather in defence."

The remarkable thing about this party is that it has no programme worth speaking of, and that none of its adherents is asking for one. Indeed, Herr Feder, the avowed economist of the Nazis, made two attempts the other day at discussing economic problems on the wireless with Dr. Noelting, a well-known politician of the " Middle-Left." However, Herr Feder showed such an ignorance of economic matters that Herr Hitler has now made it a point of party discipline not to undertake such discussions. For his adherents the discussions are not required; they are imbued with the idea that the Marxists and the Jews are responsible for Germany's suffering since November, 1918, and they follow Herr Hitler because he professes to be the enemy of Marxists and Jews. The only definite thing people are told is that the Nazis will free them from the " Zinsknechtschaft," a word which literally means " bondage of interest," and by which they understand some sort of oppression by international banking capital, the profiteers of the Young Plan and the Jewish capitalists in general. But what this involves and how it is to be done no one clearly sees, nor do people bother about it. As one of their leaders, when asked whether he had read anything of Karl Marx whom he continually attacked, replied : " Thank God, no ! "

Thus, if one goes to the bottom of it, there remains nothing to explain the Fascist movement except dissatisfaction with the present economic crisis (which is attributed to the Jews and Marxists), coupled with the traditions of German militarism, which are fostered by its former leaders who lost their jobs with the destruction of the German monarchy. No one will maintain that this is a hopeful basis for a revival of civilisation. Herr Hitler's noble " relatives in spirit " in England are, it is to be feared, no good in foreign politics. The man whom they are sponsoring and who does not mind associating with murderers, a man who considers a false oath as a legitimate weapon in politics, may easily turn out to be a menace to civilisation rather than its bulwark.

ECONOMIC NOTES ON FREE TRADE

I.—THE EXPORT INDUSTRIES.

THE correspondence columns of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION indicate a tremendous reawakened interest in the question of tariffs. The comments on my article proposing a Revenue Tariff have opened up such a wide range of problems that I cannot deal with them all at once. But I will do my best to give my frank opinion about the more important in some separate notes. I must not be accused of being a spoil-sport if I admit that there is much to be said on both sides. I have reached my own conclusions as the result of continuous reflection over many months, without enthusiasm, and as the result of the gradual elimination of the practicable alternatives as being even more undesirable. Nor do I suppose for one moment that a Revenue Tariff by itself will see us out of our troubles. Indeed, I mainly support it because it will give us a margin of resources and a breathing space, under cover of which we can do other things.

I begin this week with one of the weakest points of a tariff—its effect on the export industries. Mr. E. D. Simon called attention in last week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION to the great decline in our exports, and asked me whether I had forgotten these trades and what a tariff would do for them. I think that the answer is clearly that which he himself suggests, namely, that a general tariff cannot be expected to give any direct benefit to our exports and will probably tend to increase manufacturing costs rather than otherwise, though I should expect this increase to be small and almost negligible compared with the other factors of cost. I find, however, a balance of advantage in the fact that industries which compete with imports would be benefited altogether out of proportion to the effect on export industries, and that the international influence of this country would be increased for promoting other measures which might help the export industries. I would put it like this. I believe that it would be of great advantage to the international equilibrium of this country if we could increase our favourable balance of trade by, say, £50,000,000; and that it will be much easier to do this by checking imports to this amount than by increasing exports.

For how are we to increase our exports? Mr. Simon tells us that he would have to reduce his wages by 20 per cent. in order to be on level terms with Germany, and I have no doubt that he is right. Has he any prospect of doing this? If he could, does he feel sure that Germany would not reply with a further reduction of her wages, seeing that we have bound her by Treaty under dire penalties to compete successfully with ourselves and (in effect), however much we reduce our wages, to reduce hers by more? Does he expect that the Free Trade Budget, outlined in this week's *Economist*, including taxes on beer, tobacco, tea and sugar, and 3d. per week extra insurance contributions, will predispose his workpeople to accept in addition a cut of 20 per cent. in their wages?

I do not see much positive hope for our exports along these lines. Indeed, I doubt if there is anything material which we can do for them directly, unless it be by subsidies, in the present state of world trade. A revival of world trade is their only hope. It will come in time. When it comes, we shall have a true measure of the magnitude of the permanent problem confronting us, if we are to maintain a sufficient volume of exports. Meanwhile, the best we can do is to strengthen the financial position and prestige of London, so as to restore to us our full weight of influence in propounding plans for international co-opera-

tion. This brings me back to the Revenue Tariff, which would, in my belief, contribute to this end.

If I knew of a concrete, practicable proposal for stimulating our export trades, I should welcome it. Knowing none, I fall back on a restriction of imports to support our balance of trade and to provide employment. Moreover, even if we were to agree that we cannot recover a sufficient volume of exports without a large cut in wages, what exactly one is to do about it I do not know. I wish that someone, who relies on this alternative, would tell me.

J. M. KEYNES.

[*Next week Mr. Keynes will contribute a Note on:* II.—A REVENUE TARIFF AND THE COST OF LIVING.—EDITOR, *N. S. and N.*]

EXPERIENCES TO LOOK BACK ON

AN article entitled "Great Nights of Musical Comedy," which Mr. Joe Coyne recently contributed to a London newspaper, has drawn an enthusiastic letter from a lady. "How many," she asks, recalling one of the nights referred to by Mr. Coyne, "of those who had the great privilege to be one of the audience on that last memorable night of the production of *The Merry Widow* have kept, as I have done, the programme of the galaxy of stars? In the long years since," she adds, as if with a fond sigh, "I have often re-read and re-lived that wonderful night." I cannot say from memory how long it is since the last night of the run of *The Merry Widow*; but it was at least an event that occurred some years before the Great War. Much has happened since then. Civilisation has tottered; empires have disappeared; the map of the world has been re-drawn with a pen dipped in blood. Yet, through all the intervening years, the wonder of that farewell performance burns brightly in retrospect for one member of the human race. A faded programme has but to be taken out of the drawer and paradise revives. The darkness of the present all but ceases to be, as it is illumined by that galaxy of stars from the past.

To an entirely reasonable man, sentimentality of this kind may appear trivial. He may regard it even as evidence of an incapacity to distinguish between what in human experience is worth treasuring in the memory and what is not. Obviously, the lady who wrote the letter is deeply moved by the memory of that wonderful night in the theatre and, equally obviously, no great philosopher could be so moved. I doubt if any great philosopher has ever preserved a theatrical programme since the dawn of thought. Antiquaries and historians of the theatre may do so, but they are as likely to preserve the programme of a play that has bored them as of a play that has delighted them. Programmes are not for them sentimental mementoes: they are part of a collection.

Not being a profound philosopher myself, I have an initial instinct for preserving programmes and such things. As a boy I never left my programme behind in the theatre. I always took it home as though it was worth preserving, and, if in the end it was thrown out, it was never thrown out by me. It was the same with programmes of concerts, of cattle shows, of regattas. I should have felt that in throwing away the programme I was throwing away something that somehow prolonged the pleasant experience I had enjoyed. Even to-day I find it difficult to get rid of programmes deliberately. I hate parting too soon with the match-card after a Test Match or with the race-card on one of the rare occasions on which I attend a race meeting. I hoard—for a few days—tickets of admission to great events. The last time I was at a horse-show, the catalogue was as large as a Family Bible, but I bore it home with me, and it was with reluctance that I consented after some days of defensive argument to allow it to be dropped into the waste-paper basket by less reverent hands. I am sure that, if my pockets were infinitely capacious, and if clothes lasted for ever, and if I were a man of boundless strength, I should at the present moment be carrying about with me the programme or card of every play, concert, football match, cricket match, race meeting, circus, horse show, cattle show, pigeon show, motor show, flower show, political meeting, Sunday-school soirée, and public funeral at which I was ever present. The only thing of the kind, indeed, that I have never preserved, is the menu of a banquet. This may be taken as a mark of indifference to food, but is more probably to be attributed to the feeling one usually has at the end of a banquet that one has had more than enough of it.

Even if I had succeeded in preserving all the waste-paper that I had begun to preserve during all these years, however, I doubt if I should ever have made the same sentimental use of them that the lady makes of *The Merry Widow* programme. In the first place I should not have known where to find any particular paper at any particular moment. A tender recollection of a beautiful actress seen more than thirty years ago from the corner of the gallery might set me rummaging in search of the programme of a musical comedy; but it is a hundred to one that, instead of this, I should fish out the programme of a cattle show of a still earlier date at which a distant relation won a prize with a cow. If I felt a sentimental yearning to re-live the day on which I saw Shrewsbury and Gunn playing for Notts against my native province, and sought the match-card in the chaos of my papers, I should be far more likely to come upon the programme of a temperance magic-lantern entertainment. And, even if I discovered the right paper, I doubt if I should feel as sentimental about it as I ought. I cannot easily sit by myself and feel sentimental over the programme of a vanished pleasure. I need company in order to become excited over old plays, old games, old election meetings. Let a man mention Ascot, and I can become as excited as he over the day on which Massine won the Gold Cup. Let him speak of George Thorne and Marie Studholme and Thomas E. Murray, and my heart will beat with his at the recollection of a time when genius and beauty were regnant in the theatre. Great sermons in churches, great jokers in public houses—these, too, will flood my memory with emotion if there is another to share it. Even at another man's recollection of a football match that I never saw, I can feel a quickening of the pulse. But I do not think that the memories that excite us when we are conversing are the same as the memories that excite us when we are alone. When we are in company, we talk to excess of those things of which there are programmes, but of our profoundest pleasures there are no programmes. One can have a programme of a concert, but not of a first meeting with a friend. There may be programmes of our amusements, but not of the ecstasies that make life worth living.

To say this may seem to be a disparagement of the arts, since a great deal of our pleasure in the arts is obtained at performances and exhibitions from which we carry away programmes and catalogues. But, even as regards the arts, it is probably true that ninety-nine hundredths of our pleasure goes no deeper than the fleeting pleasure of entertainment. There have been men who discovered in the music of Bach or in the painting of Titian a divine revelation, but they are in a minority. I doubt if the ordinary

visitor to a picture-gallery brings away with him more of the divine flame than the lady brought from the last performance of *The Merry Widow*. Even if the painter is inspired, the spectator is not always inspired, and it takes two to give inspiration to a work of art. The majority of artists, however, whether painters or writers or musicians, have no more claim to be called inspired than ordinary men. They are performers, more or less skilful, and if they succeed in entertaining us, that is the most of which they are capable. Books have been written, to read which (as men say) is a memorable experience; but they could be fitted into a comparatively few shelves. The ordinary book is almost as far below the level of the great books as the ordinary after-dinner speech is below the level of the orations of Demosthenes. On the other hand, who that has the habit of reading does not recall hundreds of ordinary books in reading which he experienced excitement and delight? Books which now seem tawdry to us then moved us to the marrow. Books which now seem shallow to us then stirred us to the depths. It is delightful to have had such experiences of pleasure, but when we look back on them, it is not with a desire to re-live them, but with smiling indulgence. If we do occasionally wish to re-live them, it is only that we wish to re-live the illusions of youth.

Most of the reminiscent enthusiasm over the old music-halls and the old musical comedies is similarly an attempt to fly back on the wings of memory into the enchanted and superabundant world of our youth. That black-faced coon with the droll patter and the skilful feet did not then seem such a giant to our fathers as he did to us; and, if there were a comedian of equal talent performing to-day, we should wonder why our children hurried away early from the dinner-table to hear him. But for us he is part of our youth—an irradiated figure in the crowded garden of our memories. The first visit to *Tannhäuser*—I have heard the opera belittled since, but there was a time when it tore the soul out of the breast. And so with a thousand other things, some of them still masterpieces, some of them empty shows that have faded from everything but the memory of a generation now growing old. But even among the memories that give us pleasure we discriminate; we should feel appreciably poorer for the loss of the memory of having seen Irving in *The Bells*, but we recognise that if we had missed *The Gaiety Girl* there were a hundred substitutes "just as good" that we could have had. The one experience is worth looking back on because it was a rare and glorious experience; the other is worth looking back on only because we ourselves happened to experience it.

As we grow older, it seems to me, we lose our capacity for memorable experience in the world of the second and third-rate to a greater degree than we lose it in the world of things rare and glorious. It may be replied that all that happens to us is that we mistake for the second- and third-rate much that is really rare and glorious, and that is seen to be such by a younger generation. But, if the arts are left out of consideration, and we consider only people and places, we shall find that here our memories are still impressionable to enthusiasm. Our memories of early life may be more vivid, more tender, more crowded than our memories of last year. But people and places never cease to excite us and to become a part of our memories and, of all things worth remembering, these are surely the incomparable source of delight. The last performance of *The Merry Widow*—yes, that, no doubt, is a wonderful experience to look back on—even to re-live with the aid of a cherished programme. But I shall die in the knowledge that I missed it and I shall not really care.

Y. Y.

STORM OVER THE MORAY FIRTH

IT is natural enough that little should have been heard in the English press about the recent extraordinary events in the Moray Firth which have caused so much indignation in Scotland. For, after all, fishing is a much more important item in the national economy of Scotland than in that of England. The Scots fisheries are, relatively, six times as valuable as the English, and give employment to about 26,000 men as against 31,000. Indeed, apart from Iceland, there is only one European country whose fisheries mean more to it than Scotland's do, and that is Norway.

The occasion of the present outbreak of Caledonian wrath was a series of peculiarly mean outrages committed by foreign trawlers, mainly Dutchmen, on the gear of the cod net-fishing fleet in the Moray Firth. Day after day the Scottish newspapers published accounts of new depredations, all of which were apparently committed deliberately. One could give several scores of well-authenticated instances; here are a few which are typical.

The steam drifter *Exuberant*, of Buckie, left her nets to tow home a disabled comrade; soon afterwards, a foreign trawler was seen to steam over the area; sixteen out of the *Exuberant's* forty-six nets were lost. On the following day, which was a Sunday, several foreigners took advantage of the quiet reigning on the cod grounds to trawl through the floating marks of the fishing fleet. One boat lost fourteen nets and another twenty-five. About a week later, matters had become so serious that the fishermen wired to a Member of Parliament asking that the Foreign Office should take action and announcing that in several cases boats had lost over thirty nets.

There was then the episode of the drifter *Connige*, which, after having lost three nets, decided to spend a night on guard and, as a special precaution, dropped an independent anchor on the offside of her nets. After she had waited two hours, a Dutch trawler bore down on the nets and refused to change course until the *Connige* ran broadside on across his bows and pushed his stem clear. The Dutch skipper denied that he had seen the *Connige's* dan, which was fourteen feet high and bore three flags. Three hours later, another Dutchman fouled the riding anchor with his trawl. At once he set off at high speed, towing the *Connige* after him and heaving up his trawl in an attempt to break the anchor-line. After towing the Scots drifter for three miles, during which time he crossed and destroyed the nets of two other boats, the Dutchman threw the anchor-line clear and made off without a word.

The result of this outbreak of international hooliganism, the real objective of wh'.h is the cod lying conveniently captive in the fishers' nets, was that hundreds of nets were destroyed and that the cod fishing season, which has just ended, was markedly less profitable than last year. The Secretary of State for Scotland was understood to take a grave view of the incidents and to be making representations at the Hague. Meanwhile the Scottish Nationalists were making capital out of the affair; there were fierce articles in the press, and a Scots duke offered the fishermen financial assistance should they decide to do what the fishery cruiser seemed unable to do, namely "defend themselves." There can be no doubt that, if Scotland had Home Rule, there would have been an awkward international incident. As it is, the fervour of the Caledonians is scarcely appeased by the vague talk of "diplomatic complications" which is offered as excuse for official caution. The full irony of the situation is not appreciated until it is known that the Moray Firth, the area where these events took place, is

closed to British trawlers under that section of the Herring Fishery (Scotland) Act of 1889, which says that the Fishery Board may by by-law direct "that the methods of fishing known as beam trawling and otter trawling shall not be used within a line drawn from Duncansby Head in Caithness to Rattray Point in Aberdeenshire," and that any person doing so shall then be liable on conviction to fine. The effect of this enactment was probably not envisaged by those who drafted it. For it has merely closed the Firth to British trawlers that it may be all the happier a hunting ground to foreigners!

The act can only be enforced against foreign vessels on an assumption that the whole of the Moray Firth is Scottish territorial waters. But this is obviously rather a tall order, since it is about seventy sea miles from Duncansby Head to Rattray Point. The firth is a wide-based wedge of salt water thrust into the Scottish mainland, and only on the extreme interpretation of the obsolete doctrine of the "King's Chambers," by which all waters are territorial that are contained within straight lines joining the outermost promontories and islands of Britain, could it be regarded as in any sense the special property of the British Crown. In fact, the claim which would alone make the act intelligible has never been put forward by the British authorities. The situation has not been without its humours, as for instance on the occasion when a Scots trawler, returning to port after a disappointing cruise, decided to drop his trawl in the prohibited area. Unfortunately for him, he was seen by a German trawler, who at once threatened to report him to the Fishery Board. With a curse of resignation, the Scot lifted his trawl, to have the pleasure, as he steamed away, of seeing the German drop *his* trawl at the same spot. It is possible that the gaiety of such interludes is not appreciated as it ought to be among the dour Scots.

Perhaps it is a little too much to expect men under such provocation to examine the legal niceties of the case with a cool eye. But, in fact, there is something to be said for the demand now being made by the Scottish fishing community that the firth should be closed to foreign as well as British trawlers. The Americans now claim a twelve-mile limit; the Bay of Conception in Newfoundland, which is twenty miles wide, has been held to be territorial; an undefined area in the upper part of the Bristol Channel is still claimed by Britain, and there is a Russian analogy in the White Sea. What is more to the point, the fishermen can appeal to the decision of a full bench of Scottish judges sitting as a Justiciary Appeal Court. In 1906 the Danish master of a trawler registered in Norway appealed to this court from the sentence passed on him by Dornoch Sheriff Court for trawling within the firth but outside the three-mile limit. His case was that a Scots court had no jurisdiction over him. The Justiciary Court rejected the appeal, pointing out that the clear intention of the act to stop trawling in that area would be ineffective if only British trawling was prohibited.

So far as Scots Law is concerned, they were probably right. They could quote great authorities like Stair, who defines as territorial waters where "the sea is enclosed in bays, creeks, or otherwise is capable of any bounds or meiths" (landmarks), and Bell, who says flatly "the sovereign is proprietor of the narrow seas within cannon shot of the land, and the *firths*, gulfs and bays around the kingdom." But the Government of the day took the view that Scots Law could not be elevated to international status. They remitted the fine imposed by the court, announced that according to the view held by different Government departments (but not by the Scottish Office or the Scots law officers) the firth was not territorial, and stated that fishery cruisers would be instructed not to interfere with foreign trawlers outside the three-mile limit.

Scottish opinion has always resented this affront to the national law; to-day it holds that successive Scottish Secretaries ought to have been active in securing a reasonable settlement of the matter by negotiation with the other North Sea states, and that it is now a quarter of a century too late to bring forward the convenient bogey of "international complications" as an excuse for delay in affording adequate protection to an industry already hard-pressed and of vital importance to Scotland. The harsher critics claim that if similar petty piracies had occurred off the coasts of England there would have been prompt and intelligent action, and that the whole business, in its odd mixture of legislative bluster and administrative lethargy, is typical of the government of modern Scotland.

G. M. T.

THE DIE-HARDS

"Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong."

WHEN the first Reform Bill was passed
And the Rotten Boroughs were smitten,
The Die-Hards murmured, aghast,
"Our country's epitaph's written;
For the common folk of Great Britain
Are quite unfitted for votes.
It will come to cutting of throats,"
The Die-Hards murmured, aghast.

When the broad foundations were laid
Of South Africa's constitution,
The Die-Hard critics, dismayed,
Said, "The Empire's in dissolution.
You are asking for revolution
When you give the franchise to those
Who were lately our worthy foes,"
Said the Die-Hard critics, dismayed.

When the Irish Treaty was signed,
And the age-long quarrel was ended,
The Die-Hards said, "You will find
Red ruin, with chaos blended
On luckless Erin descended;
For the Irishman is a fool
Who will never be fit to rule,"
Said the Die-Hards, "as you will find."

So, when India pleads to-day,
Say the Die-Hards, "We needs must thwart her,
Or our Empire will melt away
In pillage, and fire, and slaughter,
With the red blood flowing like water."
But as Die-Hards are always wrong,
Need we pay much heed to the song
That the Die-Hards sing us to-day?

MACFLECKNOE.

Correspondence

A REVENUE TARIFF

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Keynes's further reflections on his proposal for a Revenue Tariff make clear certain points of agreement and disagreement.

It is clear that we can agree about the yield. His provisional acceptance of my estimate leaves nothing further to be said on this matter. Apparently, we can also agree that 15 per cent. on manufactures is protective, and that the "Revenue Tariff" therefore falls into the same category as Reciprocity, Fair Trade, Tariff Reform, Safeguarding, Emergency Tariffs, and other forms of disguised Protection.

It is clear, too, that on certain broad lines of policy our disagreement is ultimate. Mr. Keynes looks forward to a system of World Trade organised on a *national* basis. He agrees with me that his tariff may be hard to remove, but he is willing to run the risk because he feels that it may be the prelude to developments of this nature. My Utopia lies further to the left. I look forward to a world in which the growth of international business and the migration of capital and labour have so overlaid political frontiers that the big questions of Liberalism and Socialism can be fought out on an *international* basis, with a minimum of obstruction from the vested interests of the local government authorities called States. Because I believe that anything which creates such interests is inimical to peace and welfare, I am opposed to policies of the kind that Mr. Keynes favours.

Such differences are now clear. But there are certain matters of a more technical nature on which I do not feel that Mr. Keynes has yet succeeded in elucidating his position.

In the first place, he has not yet shown why his tariff should lead to a net increase in employment. He has claimed that it will protect certain industries, thus extending employment there. But he has not shown why this extension in the protected industries should not be counterbalanced by contractions elsewhere, particularly in the Export Trades. He assumes that this will not happen, but, so far, he has made no attempt to prove it, beyond suggesting that it might be averted by an extension of foreign lending. Mr. Keynes cannot really be allowed to ride off on a fundamental issue like this without stating his reasons in detail. It is not good enough to say that those who disagree with him are fanatical Free Traders, and to speak as if 90 per cent. of professional economists would agree with him on this point. It is much more probable that 90 per cent. of professional economists would argue that the initial presumption was against Mr. Keynes, and that the burden of proof still rested on his shoulders.

In the second place, he has not made any attempt to meet the objection that such stimulus to employment as may be afforded by his tariff will necessarily be in the wrong industries. He has not met the argument that Protection stimulates the industries in which our comparative advantages are most questionable rather than those in which they are still undisputed. This is a form of the Free Trade argument which is almost independent of the assumption of full employment of the factors of production which is so often made a reproach to the classical analysis: and it is surely necessary to meet it. Mr. Keynes may not think that the development of the "right" industries is a matter of great importance. But it is certainly a point on which we are entitled to further enlightenment.

Finally, I do not think that Mr. Keynes has yet succeeded in making himself clear on the very fundamental question of the wage position. There are several points of confusion here. He has not adduced any argument in support of his view that reductions of wage-rates are likely to contract employment. He has not adduced any argument in support of his view that such reductions of wage-rates as are likely to take place will be inadequate to save the situation. He has not even explained what he conceives the nature of the wage disequilibrium to be. Nor does he inform us what feature of this disequilibrium his tariff is intended to remedy. Does he intend it to remove the element of local disequilibrium which was present before the slump? If so, why, unless he believes that even now it is in process of disappearing, should he be willing to remove it when prices have reached the 1929 level? But if he believes that it is disappearing, why should he fear for our position in the world slump? I am beginning to suspect that his whole position rests, not only upon what I should regard as very dubious theoretical assumptions, but also upon what I should be prepared to argue is a fundamentally erroneous interpretation of the facts. But until he has told us just what is in his mind, further argument is very difficult.—Yours, etc.,

10 Meadway Close, N.W.11. LIONEL ROBBINS.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In your issue of March 14th, Professor Lionel Robbins, falling foul of Mr. Keynes's tariff proposals, argues that the suggested duties would protect the "wrong industries." He says:

> As a cure for unemployment the policy is open to the very grave objection that it will stimulate precisely the wrong industries. If industries are to be stimulated artificially . . . surely it is those industries whose comparative suitability for domicile in this country is unquestioned which are most deserving of stimulation. It is not the industries which are menaced by foreign competition that should be fostered—the very fact that they are so menaced is a presumption against their suitability.

Surely this passage is very far removed from actuality. Those who hold, as I do, that British industry is at this time the subject of attack in abnormal conditions, seem to perceive that it is our most suitable and most indigenous industries which are in danger.

For example, we are now importing far more crude iron and steel than we export, a fact which I, who have studied the Trade Returns closely for forty years, would not have believed possible. A large part of our iron and steel industry is out of action. We have 400 blast furnaces and only eighty of them are in blast. We are at the present moment paying unemployment benefit to nearly 90,000 iron and steel workers, in which statement it is implied that we are also paying unemployment benefit to an army of coal miners, iron ore miners, limestone miners and transport workers, to say nothing of the unemployment benefit paid to that other army of workers who ought to be, but are not, making goods for those unemployed iron and steel workers, miners and others. Yet we are importing from France, Belgium, Germany and other places iron and steel to the tune of 2½ million tons a year. That means, of course, that we are importing not only iron and steel work but, in effect, coal, iron ore, flux, railway work, etc., even while we are paying our own workers to be idle, and while railway traffics and dividends fall.

I wonder if Professor Robbins thinks iron an industry "suitable for domicile" in Great Britain. Are coal mining, iron ore mining, limestone mining and railway work industries "comparatively suitable" for British workers? I seem to remember that railways were invented here, that coal was first mined here on a large scale, that we have the finest coal near the sea in all the world, that we have plenty of iron ore and limestone, and that it was in this country that iron ore was first successfully smelted with coal fuel as long ago as 1750. To me, I confess, the British importation of enormous quantities of iron seems as ridiculous as though, possessing the Trade Returns which contain the remarkable records of our abnormal imports, I wrote off to a professor of economics at Berlin and asked him to employ his secretary to get out the facts for me even while I paid my own secretary to be idle.

No, sir, it is not a reply to Mr. Keynes to assert that his suggested duties would "domicile" unsuitable and exotic industries. If England is not a good domicile for iron, then no other country ought to produce iron. Nor will it do to argue that iron should not be defended because it is a "raw material of other industries." It is a material, and much more than that. It is a basic industry which it is among our first interests to defend, and if the country will not defend it the country does not deserve to have it. Nor does it serve any reasonable purpose to term the defence of iron a "mean and petty device of economic nationalism." The nearly fifty millions of British people happen to be "domiciled" here for good or ill, and they cannot be quickly killed off or emigrated. They needs must live. Just as we defend their health by petty devices of public administration, so we have good need to contrive other petty devices to secure their livelihood. External trade may go unregulated in normal conditions, but these are not normal conditions and it is not normal trade which has blown out our blast furnaces.

As with iron, so with many other industries, *mutatis mutandis*. "Domiciled suitably" for long years, they find themselves the subject of special menace calling for emergency legislation. That Professor Robbins should commit himself to the suggestion that menace of an industry is proof of its unsuitability is to show how wise are the workmen who distrust "economics." This letter cannot possibly enter into the many issues which would be involved in setting up an emergency tariff, but I should like to add that any support I could give to such an expedient would be conditional upon measures being taken for the protection of the consumer. In my opinion such protection is necessary apart from the existence of tariffs. We do not, when we go to the shops, enjoy free trade. Everywhere prices are ruled by the agreements of trade associations which do, in effect, levy taxes on the consumer.—Yours, etc.,

Royal Societies Club. LEO CHIOZZA MONEY.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—As we are all Protectionists now, or at least "interferists," I send you for what it is worth this suggestion for a subsidy in aid of depressed export industries.

I. The Overseas Trade Department (or whatever may be the

more appropriate body) should be empowered to enter into an agreement with any firm in a selected depressed industry, or section of such industry, whereby the Department would undertake to buy each year for a limited number of years a certain quantity of goods for export at a price sufficient to cover the average costs of production in an efficient undertaking (including standard rates of wages and a modest rate of profit), while the firm would agree in return that the Department should nominate a representative on the board of directors and have every access to information.

II. The Department would sell the goods abroad at the highest prices obtainable, and any difference between the buying price and the selling price would be made good by a subsidy from the Treasury. The sale could be carried out by the Department through its own agents, or possibly through the firm itself.

III. The Department should select, so far as possible, for experiment those industries, or sections of an industry, where British manufacturers were exposed to unfair competition because of cheap foreign labour, but costs of production in this country were not unduly high in relation to world prices. The difference to be made good by the subsidy should not exceed, say, fifteen per cent. of the average costs of production.

IV. The advantages of the scheme would be:

(1) Workers otherwise idle and receiving unemployment benefit, or other forms of public assistance, would be employed in their own trades at standard rates of wages.

(2) Imports would be paid for out of consumable goods, or income, instead of—as the tendency is to-day—out of capital.

(3) In order to take advantage of the subsidy, less efficient firms would be encouraged to make fresh efforts to improve their methods and to bring down costs of production.

(4) British manufacturers would be able to establish or strengthen their footing in international markets against foreign competitors employing "sweated" labour, but without a corresponding degradation of the worker's standard of living in this country.

(5) The increase in the output of the factory due to the stimulus of a guaranteed foreign market, and the fuller use made of plant in consequence, would lead in many cases to new economies in production, so that the subsidy could later be withdrawn as unnecessary.

(6) The cost of the subsidy would be borne for the most part by that section of the community best able to pay, namely, the wealthier class of Income Tax payer, but, on the other hand, this additional burden of taxation would be more than offset by the saving gained on unemployment relief. While a subsidy equivalent to, say, 5s. a week per worker employed might be sufficient to prevent the closing down of a factory and the discharge of several thousands of workers, the same sum expended in relieving an equal number of unemployed would meet only a fraction of the cost.

(7) In international bargaining, the prospect of a rise or fall in the subsidy could be used as a lever to level up wages in competitor countries now underselling British goods, and to promote an international policy of high wages.—Yours, etc.,

15 Sheffield Terrace, W. 8. (Mrs.) BARBARA DRAKE.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—My letter in your issue of March 14th challenged Mr. Keynes's claim on the following points, among others:—

1. That his proposed revenue (?) tax put on with the declared intention of taking it off would not create confidence, but destroy it.

2. That its protection against imports of home-produced substitutes would create more unemployment in the export trades than employment in home production.

Though put in question form, denial of his claims was intended and obvious. How, then, could he say in his letter this week, "no one has denied that my proposal would have a tendency—to increase business confidence—and to stimulate employment?"

I denied it then. I deny it now, and want more than prophecy to convince me that the effect of Protection under the guise of "revenue" duties will differ from its effect in the past, *viz.*, to lower the standard of life, to injure export trade, to retard recovery and to reduce the volume of employment.

Of course, I admit that the work of obstructing trade would employ more Customs officers.—Yours, etc.,

Crouch End, N.8. H. G. CHANCELLOR.
March 21st.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Keynes knows best, but one at least holds "a tenable intellectual position" in maintaining, as a third alternative to Import Duties and Negation, that we proceed with national development, and either abandon the gold standard or at least raise the statutory price of gold. Unlike a tariff this would (1) stimulate exports; (2) allow us to continue taking full advantage of the difference between our own and foreign comparative costs; (3) not be stultified if other nations followed our example. Is not unemployment, both here and abroad, mainly due to the impossibility, caused by present statutes and monetary habits, of sufficient money existing to pay wages to all at the rates which they demand? If so, is not monetary inflation necessary to the cure of unemployment? As to the budget, it is credible that this policy would be at least as advantageous as import duties.—Yours, etc.,

R. S. BODEN.

7 Pemberley Avenue, Bedford.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Mr. J. M. Keynes's proposals have been roundly attacked from many angles, but there is one obvious criticism which does not seem to have been pressed home.

Mr. Keynes sets out with a proposal to raise £50–75,000,000 per annum for the Exchequer by means of his tariff. He now admits that £40,000,000 might be all he would get; but this is a tidy sum. Presumably the whole of the Budget would be arranged on a basis of some such expectation. Mr. Keynes says: "It should be the declared intention of the Free Trade parties acquiescing in this decision to remove the duties in the event of world prices recovering to the level of 1929." Sir Josiah Stamp now says the same thing and stresses it as an advantage, and a safeguard against tariff-mongering, that his scheme would make the removal of the duties "dependent upon a fact" (*i.e.*, the price-index reaching the appropriate level) "and not on a political whim."

Do these gentlemen really suggest that the Exchequer, for whose benefit this money is going to be raised, will suddenly cease to need it, because say, tin, copper, rubber, and wheat begin to fetch at auction the prices they were fetching in 1929? Is some clause in a Finance Act to give Mr. Graham instructions to watch commodity statistics, armed with power to "call the tariff off" directly Mr. Flux returns him some specified percentages in the Board of Trade price-index? And, if so, *who is going to square the Exchequer* when the Customs stop collecting the money on which the Budget has been balanced?—Yours, etc.,

Maida Vale, W. W. F. CHARLES.
March 23rd.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I should hesitate to ask the indulgence of your space but for Professor Ramsay Muir's comparison of Mr. Keynes to myself, "in his unscholarly slapdash estimate without looking into the facts." Every fact that I have stated on the fiscal controversy has been based upon Board of Trade figures and none of them have ever been challenged in the House of Commons, although I have noticed that Mr. Muir does not hesitate to tear words of mine from their context and use them in distorted form as political argument on the platform.

I write to point out that I think Mr. Keynes is correct in estimating on reflection that the revenue tariff which he proposes would not bring in more than £40,000,000 to £45,000,000, but he is equally correct in saying that if sufficient goods and produce are excluded and produced in Britain so as to reduce the revenue to £40,000,000, the resulting saving in the cost of unemployment will be greater than the loss of revenue.

If, as Mr. Schwartz states, nearly £70,000,000 of goods will be kept out, this infers that roughly £35,000,000 of wages will be paid to British workers providing work to 350,000 men and women at £2 per week. As Mr. J. H. Thomas has stated that for every person employed directly you provide indirect employment for a second person, on this basis, whilst I do not necessarily accept it, work will be provided for 700,000 persons with a saving in average unemployment benefit of £35,000,000. This makes no allowance for the fact that since goods are paid for by goods or services, whether in home or foreign trade, the reactions in promoting internal trade will be immense, and further, it makes no allowance for income tax, super tax and rates resulting from £70,000,000 of increased home production.

In reading the whole of your interesting correspondence I

can only find two fears expressed. The first is that prices may be raised, although in every single safeguarded British industry prices showed a substantial drop except in the case of gas mantles, in which case there is a definite rise in the cost of raw materials. The problem of the world to-day is surely cheapness, which has resulted in all-round depression, and no one will dispute that what we are suffering from in particular is the cheapness of imports from protected countries. I cannot quite see how Free Traders can have it both ways, and if tariffs generally raise prices, why can our protected rivals undersell us in our Free Trade market? Let us suppose for the sake of argument, although I, of course, do not accept it, that the cost of the £70,000,000 of goods manufactured at home is raised by 10 per cent., does any Free Trader claim that it would not be preferable if work and wages are found for nearly three-quarters of a million persons and £35,000,000 is saved in the cost of keeping those people alive and idle?

The only other fear your correspondence expresses is that of a decline in exports. To this fear I assert that the whole experience of the protected world is in a contrary direction, and that a secure home market increases the power of protected countries to export. I think the following table given to me last week by the President of the Board of Trade is conclusive on this point:

	Exports of Manufactures.			Percentage Increase over	Percentage Increase over
	1880.	1913.	1930.	1880.	1913.
	£	£	£	%	%
United Kingdom	197.4	417.2	430.0	117.8	3.1
France	73.6	167.8	217.1	194.9	29.7
Germany ..	82.1	328.0	422.4	414.5	28.8
United States ..	25.4	246.9	495.5	1,852.0	100.7

This return proves that whereas the exports of manufactures from the United Kingdom in 1880 exceeded the combined totals of our three greatest protected rivals by £16,000,000, in 1913 they exceeded our total by £335,000,000 and in 1930 by £705,000,000. Further comment is superfluous.—Yours, etc.,

HENRY PAGE CROFT,
Chairman.

Empire Industries Association,
18 Abingdon Street,
Westminster, S.W. 1.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I wonder if Mr. J. M. Keynes would help a serious student of affairs with regard to the following matters?:

1. Is not the slump in the price-level due to world over-production?
2. Is not this over-production due to—
   (*a*) Increased productive capacity everywhere.
   (*b*) Under-consumption?
3. Is not this under-consumption due to the fact that goods are still too dear to the consumer?
4. Are not they too dear because the fall in prices has not been wholly passed on, but absorbed by the channels of distribution?
5. As *our* middlemen and distributors are the most rapacious on earth, is not that really why we are suffering more than any other country?—Yours, etc.,

L. A. MORRISON.

Dunblane, Perthshire.

THE ANTI-CHRIST

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—After reading in Mr. Gordon Phillips' amusing article, "Enter the Anti-Christ," of the club discussion on "what a motorist should do when, driving down a lonely road in the country, he comes on a human body," I found rather an apposite passage in Florio's *Montaigne* (Book III, Ch. 13: "Of Experience"):

> Certaine poore country-men came even now to tell me in a great haste, that but now in a forrest of mine, they have left a man wounded to death, with a hundred hurts about him, yet breathing, and who for Gods sake hath begged a little water and some helpe to raise himselfe at their hands. But that they durst not come neere him, and ran all away, for feare some officers belonging to the Law should meete and catch them; and as they doe with such as they find neere unto a murthered body, so they should bee compelled to give an account of this mischance, to their utter undooing; having neither friends nor mony to defend their innocency.

Yours, etc.,

Lowestoft, March 23rd. RICHARD MALLETT.

THE ENGLISH LECTURER IN AMERICA

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Miss West must have forgotten her own article when she accused me of misrepresenting what she wrote. Here is the sentence of mine that she calls a misstatement: "Miss West believes that Americans have a defensive and hostile attitude toward the English, and are therefore likely to take offence at anything an Englishman says." Here are the sentences from Miss West's article (*Daily Telegraph*, March 7th, 1931) on which I based my statement: "A highly disagreeable attitude is ascribed to the English lecturer. For some obscure reason, hardly any Americans can believe that an English person really loves or even likes America. They believe this so firmly that their eyes see evidence to the contrary where none really exists. . . . I have found to my astonishment when talking to Americans that they were reading from my words and expression all sorts of manifestations of dislike and contempt for their country and their people. This is not due to an unfortunate manner on my part. It is a positive delusion springing from sensitiveness."

Surely it would be hostile to ascribe "dislike and contempt" and "a highly disagreeable attitude" to the English, when no such attitude exists? And surely such a "positive delusion springing from sensitiveness" may be described as defensive?—Yours, etc.,

London, W.C. 1. H. A.

EPSTEIN

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—May I protest against the vulgar jibes that have appeared in your correspondence column about Mr. Epstein's "Genesis"? I cannot defend this great work with the wit which has been used to defame it, but I would like to say that I have never been more profoundly moved than by the grandeur, the significance, and the beauty of "Genesis." I do not know what Mr. Epstein means by his statue; all I know is that he has expressed for us the mystery of life, and has, as all great art must do, illumined our darkness.—Yours, etc.,

5 The Gables,
Hampstead, N.W. 3. HELEN THOMAS.

THE LABOUR PARTY IN THE FUTURE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Your article on "Labour and the Future," with its emphasis on Social Control is very timely. If the leaders of the Labour Party can act with as much confidence and shrewdness in home affairs as in foreign I believe that they can secure support from a class which has hitherto been suspicious of them. The professional man, though still nervous of Socialism, is getting tired of looking at profit-grabbing and high finance and, in spite of a long individualistic tradition, is coming pretty rapidly to believe in Social Control as the only alternative to exploitation. But, so far, there is little indication that the Government are prepared to lead and, if they are not, they will, as you indicate, undoubtedly lose their chance.

Your suggestions for advance are admirable but I suggest that a very considerable tidying up of the administrative machine, both Parliamentary and Civil Service, is a necessary preliminary. It is useless to expect intelligent initiative from a set of tired and overworked Ministers, just as it is useless to expect constructive planning from administrators who are trained rather to criticise than to construct. Apart from reform of Parliamentary procedure, it is essential to reorganise according to function all the departments which to-day deal with trade, industry, transport and allied functions. At present the functions are hopelessly confused. When this has been done it will be necessary to ensure that the leadership of the new departments goes to men carefully selected for their forward outlook and constructive ability. My main criticism of the present Government is that they have not attempted these necessary reforms—which are well within their power.—Yours, etc.,

March 15th. X. Y. Z.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In your article, "The Labour Party and the Future," you write: "the slogan of 'Socialism In Our Time,' as advanced by the I.L.P., has in it no hint of a constructive policy for dealing with the present emergency." This betrays an ignorance of the

work of the I.L.P. during the last six years, which is astonishing in the columns of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

It is true that slogans usually have little foundation in constructive thought, but that cannot be said in this instance. "Socialism In Our Time" is a descriptive slogan for the "Living Income Programme" of the I.L.P., which is designed to deal not only with the present emergency, but to be the means of using it for the speedy attainment of Socialism.

You may disagree with the programme, but you cannot legitimately argue that it is not "constructive." It was first formulated by an I.L.P. committee, consisting of J. A. Hobson, H. N. Brailsford, E. F. Wise, and A. Creech Jones, and has since been elaborated by another I.L.P. committee. Some of its proposals have been accepted in the Labour Party Programme, and some of them have been borrowed without acknowledgment by the Mosley and other manifestoes.

The I.L.P. "Living Income Programme" is based on a Socialist analysis of the causes of the breakdown of the Capitalist industrial process. It accepts the Hobson theory of "under-consumption," and sees in the expansion of the consuming power of the home market the key to industrial revival. It makes its starting point, therefore, the demand for a general "living wage," to be supplemented by a system of Children's Allowances and adequate provision for the unemployed and other victims of Capitalism.

In order to make this possible, it proposes to speed up the rationalisation process, but to turn it to Socialist purposes and to make it general, by using the "living wage" demand as the lever for compulsorily applying it to the backward and inefficient industries.

It would control financial policy in the national interest, and through a "managed" currency, a system of imports boards, and in other ways, seek to stabilise prices. It proposes, also, the establishment of exports boards to control and regulate foreign trade.

The programme takes the view that Britain can no longer afford the wastes arising from the unco-ordinated and inefficient private ownership of the nation's basic resources. It proposes, therefore, the rapid Socialisation of our key resources: Land, Power and Coal, Transport, and Banking, so that they may be effectively organised in the national interest as a great economic whole.

All four of the things you select as "examples," are covered in the "Living Income Programme," but the I.L.P. definitely asks for a deliberate advance to Socialism *now*. It believes that in no other way can solutions be found and that indefinite postponement gravely increases the risks of a catastrophic collapse.—Yours, etc.,

Independent Labour Party, Lanark House, London, N. 4. JOHN PATON, Secretary.

[The emphasis in our remark was upon the words "present emergency." The I.L.P. Programme contains, in our view, some good ideas and some constructive proposals, but nothing that is useful in view of the immediate political and economic situation. A constructive policy for the present emergency would not, for instance, altogether ignore the conditions of minority government.—EDITOR, *N. S. and N.*]

HANGING

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Nevinson's article contains a pregnant sentence—"Even the finest minds may be so infected (with horror) that hanging becomes an obsession." Most ordinary people, torn between a genuine anxiety to protect helpless old people and little girls from brutes and sex maniacs, and the sickening horror of such executions as that of Edith Thompson, must ask themselves—is there no better way? Must we, as Mr. Nevinson suggests, expose lonely women and bank clerks, servant girls and children of five years to hardened gaolbirds and degenerates freed from the nightmare of the scaffold? Is it not probable that a form of painless extinction—such as the lethal chamber—might persuade many of the opponents of the death penalty to take another view? Is it not the violence and brutality of our present archaic method rather than the principle of the thing which arouses so much repugnance in the minds of most decent people?—Yours, etc.,

51 Radipole Road, London, S.W. 6. March 14th. A. E. WAIN.

"AN INTERNATIONAL STARVATION RACE"

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Surely the point made by the economists of whom "H. S." speaks so patronisingly is not that wages should come down, but that they should be prevented from rising at their present catastrophic pace. To say that wages must on no account follow prices on their downward flight is completely to ignore the difference between money wages and real wages.

Signor Mussolini, by his ukase ordaining that wages, retail prices, and rents should all be simultaneously reduced at the same rate, has not only gone a long way towards solving the problem of falling prices but, if we can believe returned travellers, has persuaded his countrymen to understand a point which "H. S." appears unable to appreciate.

It is also difficult to share "H. S.'s" conviction that constant Trade Union pressure to increase wages regardless of whether an industry can begin to support them will force employers to be progressive. It seems to me at least as probable that employers are stimulated to research because they are prosperous as that they are prosperous because they can afford research.—Yours, etc.,

11 Kensington Gore, S.W. 7. NIGEL BIRCH.

Miscellany

ALL FOOLS' DAY

I REMEMBER that when I was about ten, I watched a local cricket match in New Zealand. Having come from the country, I knew little of guile, so that when someone asked me to take a bag out to the bowler I readily did so; in fact, I was proud to be of use. The bowler sent me to the wicket-keeper, and the wicket-keeper sent me to the devil. Realising that I had been "had," I strolled back to the small pavilion and returned the bag to the "donor" with the remark: "That's for you to put your fat head in," and I slipped quickly out of his reach. That form of April Fool is rarely practised nowadays; but I shall never forget how wretched I felt at the moment of realisation and how bitter when jeers greeted me as I reached the pavilion again. I suppose that, dimly, I thought: "This isn't fair, for it's making a mock of good nature and the readiness to help." But the lesson was salutary, and many a credulous, too-easy-going person has learnt a valuable lesson on April Fools' Day.

The practice of fooling people on April 1st is not confined to any one country. Its origin is unknown. That similar tricks are played in India at the Huli Festival of March 31st is interesting, but does not help very much.

The explanations, though inconclusive—if not worse than inconclusive—are entertaining; like most explanations, they reveal more of the human mind than of the thing to be explained. One theory is that the practice began when Noah despatched the questing dove before the flood had subsided; this he did on the first day of that month which answers to our April. To perpetuate the memory of the final emergence from the Ark, it was considered desirable that whosoever forgot this remarkable occurrence should be sent on some sleeveless errand similar to that upon which Noah sent the unfortunate bird.

One of the most far-fetched explanations is that All Fools', or April Fool Day, commemorates Christ's enforced pillar-to-post "journeying" from Annas to Caiaphas, from Caiaphas to Pilate, from Pilate to Herod, and from Herod back again to Pilate. The Crucifixion took place about April 1st. But in silliness that must yield to the theory advanced in one of the earliest of English periodicals, the *British Apollo*, in 1708. The Romans, it appears, wanted, soon after Rome was founded, to find wives and carried off

the Sabine women. This " solution " was ridiculed in a later issue of the same periodical:

> Ye witty sparks, who make pretence
> To answer questions with good sense,
> How comes it that your monthly Phoebus
> Is made a fool by Dionysius?
> For had the Sabines, as they came,
> Departed with their virgin fame . . .
> The girls had been the April Fools.
> Therefore, if this ben't out of season,
> Pray think, and give a better reason.

What seems pretty sure is that April foolery is a relic of the once very general festivities observed at the vernal equinox, the period beginning on March 25th (New Year's Day in the old style) and ending on April 1st. At Paris there had long been a Festival of Fools.: such a legacy from Paganism as partook much rather of the nature of the Roman Saturnalia than of the milder, more sporadic pranks that became popular when France, the first European country to do so, adopted the reformed calendar; the wags continued to send, to those who abided by the old calendar, silly or offensive presents disguised as genuine new year gifts. It was probably from France that the custom infected the rest of Europe. In France, by-the-by, an April fool is a *poisson d'avril*, an April fish, the phrase being explained in two ways: in April the sun leaves the zodiacal region of the fish (ingenious, but improbable); an April fish is a young fish, therefore easily caught (more likely).

The custom reached England in the latter part of the seventeenth century. Its manifestations are as numerous as wit or malice can devise. I shall confine myself to what may be considered as " historical."

In Scotland the favourite form was, and is, to send a person from place to place with a letter, in which is written:

> On the first day of April,
> Hunt the gowk another mile.

In some parts of Britain the reply to these very, or to equivalent, words would be:

> The gowk and the titline (*or* titlark) sit on a tree,
> Ye're a gowk as well as me.

The titlark is said to provide for the universally contemptuous cuckoo. That *gowk* in these two sets of verses means cuckoo and not fool is pretty certain, and that *April gowk* is the Scottish for *April fool* does not affect the question; the cuckoo is notoriously hard to " hunt," *i.e.*, track down.

A gibe heard in some parts, though it is dying out gradually, is:

> Fool, fool, April fool,
> You learn nought by going to school.

Once it is noon, of course, the biter is automatically the bitten, and a pleasant old reply to the would-be fooler runs thus:

> April Fool's gone past,
> You're the biggest fool at last;
> When April Fool comes again,
> You'll be the biggest fool then.

Several forms of the deception may be mentioned. In Captain Francis Grose's *Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue*, 1785, I find this entry: " April Fool: Any one imposed on, or sent on a bootless errand on the first of April, on which day it is the custom among the lower people, children and servants, by dropping empty papers carefully doubled up, sending persons on absurd messages, and such like contrivances, to impose on every one they can, and then to salute them with the title of April-fool."

Until about 1914 it was a common trick to send a child to bring a pint of pigeon's milk; from this hoary old dodge comes the eighteenth century phrase, *to milk the pigeon*, to attempt the impossible; that phrase is also connected with *to milk the bull*, to risk a foregone failure. Adults might be invited *to dance Moll Dixon's round*, a picturesque thought that survived till near the end of the nineteenth century; or they might be sent to buy a copy of *The History of Eve's Mother*,—if anyone succeeds in purchasing this delectable book, I place it on record that I shall be delighted to take it off his hands.

Many of the dialect phrases and terms are more vivid than the urban ones connected with this abstruse subject. In the North Country an *April-errand* or (showing Scottish influence) *gowk's errand* is that on which one is sent on the first of April. Variants of *April-fool* are *April-gawby* (Cheshire and Warwickshire), *April-gob* (Cheshire and Derbyshire), *April gobby* (Cheshire again: oh, they've wags up there!), *April-gowk* (North Country), and *April-noddy* (Lancashire, where they have the pleasing rhyme: April-noddy's past an' gone, An' thou's a noddy for thinkin' on). An *April gowk* has for over a century been equivalent, in Scotland, to a fool or a simpleton, and Scott himself says that the canny Scots " make April gouks of you Cockneys every month in the year " (*The Fortunes of Nigel*, 1822). There, too, *hunt a gowk* has always been the exclamation on making an April fool, and the phrase is even used metaphorically to mean a disappointment, while thus to befool anyone is *to hunt the gowk*: relevant is that eloquent idiom, *to see the gowk in one's sleep*, to imagine a non-existent evil or non-existent piece of good fortune, to tend to have baseless fears or hopes; also to repent, to think better of something. One other phrase is notable: *to hunt the glaiks*, sometimes *to get the glaiks* (literally, deceptions), is used in Scotland to indicate going on a sleeveless errand or being tricked; only rarely was it applied specifically to April-fooling.

ERIC PARTRIDGE.

THE ARTIST AND THE GENTLEMAN

WHAT has given rise since the Restoration to the two modern and, as I think, fallacious conceptions current in England which represent all that is most feeble and vicious in this country and by which often the best foreign minds are antagonised against us? One of these conceptions is that which chiefly exercises foreign critics who study England, the idea of a " gentleman." That this valuable word has suffered a corruption like the word " genteel " is obvious to all reflecting persons. The proof of this corruption is that M. Siegfried is able (with almost complete truth) to define the English conception of " gentleman " to-day as: " A gentleman never strives too much. He does nothing too well. His perfect manners are acquired at the price of the stuff of which heroes are made."

From the Renaissance to the Restoration the ideal of a gentleman was to be a scholar and a man of action, a poet, a soldier and a musician—essentially a man who was passionately serious about intellectual and spiritual things, who lived for *service*, service to his religion, his country, his intellectual ideals and his fellow-countrymen. Every gentleman was emotionally educated and not merely technically educated:

> I could not love thee, dear, so much
> Loved I not honour more.

Such words, hackneyed out of all meaning by superficial repetition, are still a witness to a once existing emotional education which has vanished. The word " honour," for example, has no longer a living existence. What is the cause of this change, of this shrinking of the conception

of " gentleman " down to that of a half-wit who gapes at the mention of philosophy or music or poetry, who thinks it bad form even to take cricket seriously, as the Australians, for example, take it, and who grumbled at the Germans attempting to win a war by gas when he was only attempting to win it by guns and bayonets?

Of course, England, luckily, does not yet consist of such half-wits, nor perhaps is even the average English gentleman such a " gentleman." But that this is the ideal most current is obvious to ourselves, not only to M. Siegfried, and how dangerous it is many were aware before M. Siegfried pointed it out. This divorce of the mind from the body, of intellectual and emotional education from technical education, was partly, I believe, the result of Puritanism. The Puritans monopolised seriousness and religion, and to the returning cavaliers and the nation restored to moral freedom at the Restoration, henceforth seriousness was to be avoided like the plague. The nation divided into halves and the nonconformist movement accentuated and deepened the cleavage. Art became a frivolous amusement, music a light entertainment imported from abroad, and a gentleman was a trifler and a courtier or a coarse, guzzling country bumpkin, " shootin', ridin' and fishin'."

The inevitable reaction would have come if it had not been for the industrial revolution. This opened a fresh avenue for the youth of the nation who could not all (in their increasing numbers) have become psalm-singers or idlers. More and more they went into trade and commerce, and they went as barbarians, emotionally uneducated. Barbarians we have remained ever since because we have lost the tradition of the Renaissance and have at our schools no emotional education whatsoever. There is scholarship for a few exceptionally gifted boys; there are athletics also, chiefly for a minority. For the average mass there is merely a certain routine instruction and a ruthless apprenticeship in make-believe. I am told by Mr. Robert Mayer (organiser of children's concerts) and others that there is the greatest difficulty at our public schools in getting sufficient time for boys to learn music and to practise, even when there are good music teachers. The music masters, who had a conference some time ago, are not always of a good type, but are often weak and still have the feeling that they exist on sufferance. This brings me to the second conception, that of the artist.

It has sometimes been my unfortunate experience when eminent foreign musicians have come over here to hear their criticism of our English conditions. Like M. Siegfried, they tend to explain our lack of ambition, of seriousness, of any exactingness towards ourselves and our own efforts as the result of this unfortunate conception of the " gentleman," whose ideal it is to be superficial, careless, a faker, a trifler and a bluffer. In vain I have tried to explain to them that this is not the old idea of an English gentleman, but only the modern one. For them the word " gentleman " has come to mean something as shoddy as the word " genteel " has with us. And what in the Renaissance would have been a gentleman is what they, in their modern terminology, would call an " artist." Now this is a conception of " artist " that is still unknown in England. In England the word " artist " has a connotation as degraded as that of the word " gentleman." An " artist," whether he paints, writes, sculpts, composes or designs, is, to the modern vulgar English mind, not a *poet* in the Greek sense, that is, one who makes something well, but a feeble, effete, whining, sentimental creature who hates to make an effort, but loves to be among " beautiful " things. To the common mind (and by that I mean the mind of the average ex-Public School boy even more than that of those educated at the council and board schools) the clear distinction between two opposite types, the æsthete and the artist, does not yet exist. It would surprise him as much to be told that by an " artist " we mean a man tough, hard, disciplined, severely trained, whose function it is to create new modes of thought and of feeling, and to keep alive the human spirit, as it would to be told that the function of a gentleman is to give to the world more than he receives from it. But whereas the service of a " gentleman " (old-fashioned sort) is to his country and his fellow-men, the service of an artist is to his art, and that may sometimes involve him in friction with many of his fellow-men whom he may thoroughly respect. How inferior are the conceptions of " gentleman " and " artist " in daily use may be perfectly seen from Mr. A. P. Herbert's *Tantivy Towers*, in which we have both reduced to their lowest common measure as mere egoists, and this is exactly how they appear to-day in the eyes of the majority of the readers of *Punch*, which caters so cleverly for this emotionally uneducated public.

This ignorance, this immaturity of large sections of the population, are due chiefly, I think, to the lack of emotional education when young. Boys at school are treated not as young human beings of infinite potentialities, but as young puppies to be kept out of mischief. On leaving school everybody to-day is plunged into a society where, emotionally undeveloped and undisciplined, they must get what education they can. The chances are thousands to one against them. Very soon they will acquire habits of which the worst will be that of following always in their emotions the line of least resistance. There are thousands who will day-dream and night-dream in a cinema while idly allowing meaningless clap-trap to float pictorially before them, thousands to one who will make the intellectual and moral effort to read a hard book or hear a symphony concert, where he will encounter real thought and feeling formally expressed. It is nobody's business to supply any emotional education to the people. It is done chiefly by the writers and painters and musicians—in other words, the " artists," who take their work seriously and are to-day the only people who behave as gentlemen in the old sense of the word. For what do they get out of it? Not money; that is mainly got by those who exploit the public to their own advantage by flattering it or manipulating it.

But the " artist " cannot do this public work alone. He is dependent upon publishers, concert agents, art galleries, institutions and organisations of all sorts. And these organisations—all organisations, institutes, colleges of music or science or art—are in themselves nothing. They depend entirely upon the human beings behind them for their value. And everything finally depends upon whether this human being is a gentleman or not. If he is there to enrich himself or his friends, if he is an exploiter or a careerist, then he is not a gentleman and he is useless to the artist, to art and to humanity. That the public to-day is in a bad situation is recognised by all thinking persons. It is the recognition of this fact that has, for example, in the field of music caused Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Courtauld to found the Concert Club, which offers the employees of banks, insurance companies, and all other commercial firms, the opportunity to hear good music and good musicians at prices as low as those of the average West-End cinema. But people who reach the age of eighteen and twenty without ever having had the opportunity of hearing good music are in danger of being past helping. It is in the schools and during childhood that those two inseparable and complementary human beings, the artist and the gentleman, are formed, and it is upon them that the moral, as distinct from the technical, future of the race depends.

W. J. TURNER.

A LOVE RETURNED

OH, once I had a love,
She left me long ago,
She flew to heaven away
While I stood dumb below.

I lived as do the beasts,
I ate and drank and slept,
While Time moved stealthily on
And Death upon me crept.

My love had gone elsewhere,
To worthier loves than I,
Who suffered and who sang
Somewhere beneath the sky.

But now, by blissful chance,
She is in my arms again,
Hugged to my heart most desperately,
And her sweetest name is Pain!

J. C. SQUIRE.

THE SPINNER

I KNOW you watch and spin all night, all day;
Weaving the heart of earth and sky and seas,
The music of flung surf, the interplay
Of seen, unseen, and dream-desires of these.
The dream-desires of earth and seas and wind,
Of all created things, for each you spin,
Out of its own heart's filaments and bind
Like soul to shape it is to journey in.

I know you sit and ponder as you spin,
Half sad and hushed as when the woodlands wait
A coming storm, or when o'er fields the thin
Strands of white mist wander disconsolate.
But you are gay when you spin hearts of flowers
Shining dew-bright in sun of early morn,
Or sing of lovers' hearts to whom the hours
New-coined seem in some fresh world reborn.

And of the soul of man both good and ill
What do you gather, strands of gold or gray?
Man's heart more wayward than the waves that fill
Night with their crying, and with tumult day.
What fitting vestment can you weave that he
May go in freedom and to godhood win!
Mayhap you weave his least infirmity—
Only I know by night, by day, you spin.

A. E. LLOYD MAUNSELL.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

THERE is an advantage—only one—in the infrequency of the performances of *Hedda Gabler* in England. We come to each new Hedda with the edge of our memories slightly dulled and so can experience the thrilled shock of being bowled over once again by Ibsen's consummate craftsmanship, which reminds us at once of the oldest and the newest things in dramatic art. Hedda's final catastrophe is as steadily and remorselessly led up to, is as inevitable as the tragedies of Greek drama, while the realism of the character drawing—a realism achieved by the accumulation of innumerable small, faultless details—make Hedda and her companions seem far more "modern" than the people in, let us say, *Private Lives*, whom they resemble. The play "dates" hardly at all; Hedda is the type of many modern women who "want to have a peep into a world" which they had far better not investigate, who call tunes for which they are not willing to pay the piper.

In *Hedda Gabler* the struggle of Ibsen the poet to conquer Ibsen the realistic dramatist is least in evidence; there is none of the symbolism that appears again in his next play, *The Master Builder*. It is his most straightforward play—and has been compared with *Madame Bovary*. Yet Ibsen's one poetic truth is implied here as clearly as it is proclaimed in his early play *Peer Gynt* or expressed in his last work, *When We Dead Waken*: that to betray love is to betray both truth and life. Hedda would not pay what it would have cost her to love Eilert Lövborg; she uses him only to gratify her vanity, her love of excitement and her ugly curiosity and so she turns her back on all the dull, hard things that bring beauty and reality into life, the struggle to help the beloved to be his best and conquer his worst, pity for illness and sorrow, the patience and tenderness of family affection, the courage of child-bearing. All these have no beauty, they can be only boring and hateful to the betrayer of love. Hedda, who has longed for beauty, has, by her cowardice, spoiled her chance of finding it in life—she must seek for it in another's death. She can still see in the light of that longing that some shifts are too ugly to be endured and so turns to death herself. This is the reading—the correct one, I believe—of Hedda that is suggested by Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson's exquisitely intelligent performance. Her beauty is a great help in suggesting that Hedda has destroyed the possibility of a finer self and in explaining her power of partially exciting trust and affection. Playgoers who have missed Miss Forbes-Robertson's Juliet or her Helen in *Berkeley Square* should not lose the chance—by seeing her Hedda at the Fortune Theatre (where it has removed from the Arts Theatre Club)—of convincing themselves that we have in her a young actress of an exceptionally rare and fine imagination. It will not be easy to forget her beautiful, eerie, almost demoniac last look through the drawn curtains of the alcove.

The rest of the cast is, with one exception, satisfactory. Walter Piers brings out well the kindly and lovable side of Tesman's stupidity; his last "Fancy that," just breathed over Hedda's dead body, was profoundly moving. Mr. Walter Hudd suggested almost too well the inherent weakness of Lövborg; he should seem a stronger character than he is if we are to believe in his fascination. Miss Maud Buchanan and Miss Ann Stephenson are admirable in the smaller parts of Aunt Julia Tesman and Berta, the old servant. The quivering jerks with which Miss Buchanan smoothed out the strings as she tied on her slandered bonnet suggested exquisitely her wounded pride and natural indignation. Mr. Earle-Grey was as near perfection as need be asked in the part of Judge Brack; he makes us feel the force and danger of his egotism, the charm of his cynicism, important things if Hedda's suicide is not to seem meaningless. The Mrs. Elvsted of Miss June English was quite wrong. She should be deeply agitated, but it should be the agitation of a gentle, motherly, simple person, not the extremely nervous excitability shown by Miss English.

Cochran's 1931 Revue

The 1931 *Revue* is surprising in its complete lack of new ideas and in its frank reversion to a technique, or rather several techniques, which Mr. Cochran has hitherto let alone. A Cochran revue is automatically judged in relation to its predecessors, and when you have educated your audiences to sophistication it is difficult to fob them off with simple slapstick, which, in the present show, is the principal

ingredient. And, alas! it is not the best slapstick—not, for instance, the earth-quaking imbecility of Joe Jackson, the tramp-bicyclist.

Messrs Clark and McCullough are often rather funny, and with carefully selected material they could probably hold a music-hall audience for twenty minutes of hearty, simple amusement. They are neither sufficiently versatile nor sufficiently individual to form the backbone of a full-length revue. There are six sketches which depend entirely upon these two personalities, and some of them, like the burlesque boxing-match and the old-style melodrama with a criminally incompetent stage-manager are only just not old enough to be quaint. It was as though some of the early Chaplin films had come to life without the master magician himself to fend off cold analysis. There is, of course, Miss Ada May, and with some happier material she might have worked the necessary miracle. Here is an artist who can combine simplicity and sophistication. There is her trick of casually letting the audience into her confidence halfway through a song, with a lift of the eyebrow which maliciously discounts the attractive puerility of her beginning. Thus the zoological catalogue song which we are now beginning to look for in each new revue, and which, in this instance, has a particularly jolly little tune by Noel Coward, is mercilessly guyed in the end. Her dancing, except in a not very funny burlesque ballet number, is exquisite, and her quick vitality means more than it has ever done to keep the show moving.

After these come the miscellaneous titbits. To the strains of Liebestraüme, "Eve" contorts, gracefully and improbably. Bernardi, in a rich Italianate tenor, bewails the misery of city life and beseeches the great houses to fall on him in pity and crush him, which they do. For the first act finale there is *Scaramouche*, an impression of the Commedia delle Arte in a delicious setting which becomes abominably crowded and obscured by curtain fall.

Ancestral Light Opera

To revive *Les Cloches de Corneville* in 1931, as *Hamlet* and *Figaro* are revived, without comment and without elaboration, is obviously a risky business. Born in 1878, a natural child of Auber and Offenbach, it was perfectly adapted to the conventions of its time, and though the change in light opera fashions in sixty years is a change of crust rather than of core, it would be unreasonable to expect an audience of grandchildren to applaud in quite the same way, even if they applaud as loudly. Perhaps the present revival has been heralded by that still small voice that says "Jazz is dead," and by the success of *Bitter Sweet*, and the sort of melody adapted to the modern bath rather than to the modern ballroom. *Les Cloches de Corneville* is full of that sort of melody, and the tunes gain by being heard, for once, where they belong. And fine tunes many of them are, running Johann Strauss close for deserved popularity. Those of us who rail at the extravagance of plot in modern musical comedy should study those of its ancestors. If there are moments when one fidgets there are none during Planquette's captivating songs, conducted with loving care by Mr. John Ansell. Nor when Gaspard the Miser is on the stage. The audience relished this compendium of nineteenth-century convention and sentiment as though it was its very own, and Mr. Huntley Wright wallowed in the part deeply and lusciously.

"Trader Horn"

Trader Horn, at the Empire, has the best animal photographs I have yet seen in an African travel film. The crocodiles, the hippos, the elephants, the prides of lions, the antelopes of every kind must be seen to be believed. The photographers even got a shot of a peculiarly odious-looking snake hanging from a branch. But perhaps even the animals sink into insignificance beside the war dances and paint of the pigmies. For the pigmies are absolutely first-class actors. The ordinary facetious American lecturer is, in this film, replaced by the wisdom of Trader Horn, and the change is certainly for the better. But I confess I found his omniscience on occasion exasperating. His coolness, his resource, his steady stream of accurate information reminded one rather too forcibly of the father in the *Swiss Family Robinson*, and had I been his admiring young friend I think I might have struck him. Still, when all is said and done, *Trader Horn* is a first-class film.

Harold Lloyd in "Feet First"

Harold Lloyd's new picture at the Plaza falls as neatly as possible into two parts. The first part, in a bootshop and on a ship, is a conventional talkie in which Harold Lloyd is perfectly abject. His voice is squeaky and his whole personality becomes heavy, vulgar and boring. Then quite suddenly Harold Lloyd obviously refuses to waste his time any longer in this futile manner. He gets off the ship into a mail-bag, and thence on to an aeroplane, and thence half-way up a skyscraper, where he remains suspended for some twenty minutes in situations of agonising danger—even the film becomes to intents and purposes silent. Some people have called the picture the "mixture as before." But Harold Lloyd introduces several new stunts, and anyhow, if the mixture is good enough, why object to a second dose? The only extraordinary thing is that the rulers of the film industry should be sufficiently stereotyped and unintelligent to allow Harold Lloyd to footle away half his time on a job one hundred lesser men can do better than himself. Harold Lloyd has never hid his disapproval of talkies, which, he said, by putting a limitation on changes of speed, threw away the chief advantages which the film had over the stage. But, unlike Mr. Chaplin, Harold Lloyd has not been wholly able to avoid the financier's whip. Happily, however, there is still the second part of *Feet First*, which, incidentally, has nothing to do with the first part at all, in plot or anything else.

* * *

Things to see and hear in the coming week:

Saturday, March 28th—
Harriet Cohen. Bach Concert. Conductor, Sir Henry Wood. Wigmore Hall, 3.
Bach's St. John Passion, Southwark Cathedral, 3.
London Select Choir. Conductor, T. Arnold Fulton. Wigmore Hall, 8.15.

Sunday, March 29th—
"Spring's Awakening," by F. Wedekind, Grafton Theatre.
"Grand Duchess Natalie," by G. P. Robinson, Phœnix Theatre.
London Symphony Orchestra, Albert Hall, 3.

Monday, March 30th—
"The World of Light," by Aldous Huxley, Royalty Theatre (matinée).
"Mrs. Warren's Profession," Court Theatre.
London Symphony Concert, Queen's Hall.

Tuesday, March 31st—
Jeno Swislowsky (piano), Wigmore Hall, 8.30.

Thursday, April 2nd—
"The Belle of New York," Daly's Theatre.

Friday, April 3rd—
Handel's "Messiah," Royal Choral Society, Albert Hall, 2.30.
"Parsifal," B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. Conductor, Sir Henry Wood. Queen's Hall, 7.30.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

NOTHING is so strange in the present revolt from Christianity than the inability of its leaders to leave the Christian story. The old anti-Christian movements, when their protagonists had disposed again of the superstition they were abandoning, travelled with a certain dignity towards Deism, or Atheism, or some copy of a Pagan cult; they were not haunted by the legends and the figures of the old religion. There was a change in the nineteenth century, at least in England: teachers like Carlyle and George Eliot angrily or with melancholy snatched at the moral garments of the supernatural faith they denied, and desired to keep the world in obedience to an ethic the sanctions of which they believed they had destroyed. That phase has gone. The modern—or at least recently modern, for there are signs of a reaction—opponents of Christianity do not desire Christian morals. That is true, I think, in other regions than the narrow one of sexual ethics. Nothing so shocks the Socialist who was brought up in the school of Keir Hardie, or Stewart Headlam, or Scott Holland, than the carelessness of some of the younger adherents of the movement towards luxury, towards sweated goods.

Yet, however much they may denounce or despise his teaching, the rebels of sex still cannot get away from the story of Jesus Christ; all through his life, and especially in his late years, the story possessed the imagination of D. H. Lawrence, whose posthumous novel, *The Man Who Died* (Secker, 21s.), is an effort to subdue that figure to his own frantic philosophy. The word " frantic " is used carefully. I believe Lawrence was always a little crazy about sex, and gradually became more extravagant, though he did begin to see beauty and peace, where for years he had only seen perversity and thwarted anger and monstrous antagonisms. He oscillated violently between his tendency to attach too much importance to sex, and his desire to deny that it had any importance. He was the very twin of the Catullus who wrote:

> Odi et amo. Quare id faciam fortasse requiris.
> Nescio: sed fieri sentio et exercior.

One must not blame an artist, especially an artist so essentially sensuous as Lawrence, because he feels that the thing which obscures the truth from him and destroys peace must also obscure the truth from the universe; but if the artist is a keen philosopher, however indifferent a philosopher, he must be blamed for not bringing his intelligence to bear a little more hardly on his own troubles. But Lawrence came of an easy and self-indulgent generation. Things were right or wrong, good or bad, because they helped or hindered his development. He believed—though he never stated it with the stupidity that has marked less imaginative rebels—that man has a right, instead of a duty, to be happy; and if things made him unhappy, they must be changed, not he. It is the precise opposite of the Christian philosophy, whether we look for that philosophy in the Gospels or the Apostolic teaching or the common faith of Christendom. It is the stranger, then, that Lawrence could not be satisfied until he had endeavoured to reduce Jesus Christ to the pattern of a man who would not rest until he had pleased himself.

* * *

The Man Who Died will shock most readers, including many who would only vaguely call themselves Christians; but I hope no effort will be made to suppress it. It is as sincere as I believe it is mistaken; and it carries in itself its most ample refutation. Jesus, in the story, is not killed on the cross, and coming to life in the tomb, walks out into the country near Jerusalem. He meets with a poor peasant, whose gamecock he stops from escaping, and this man and his wife in gratitude hide him. He is visited by some of his followers, who cannot persuade him to join them (here Lawrence makes some needless and annoying variations on the Gospel story—altering, for instance, that touching narrative of the supper at Emmaus). Then he decides to be a healer, and wanders out alone. The story shifts and introduces a priestess of Isis. Lawrence never wrote with such dignity, such economy as in his account first of the half-dead, half-live Man's existence with the peasants, and then of the woman who tended to ancient mystery of Isis—of which very prosaic worship Lawrence, like any Roman, characteristically makes a great deal of mystical nonsense. The end of the story is the coming together of the Man who died and the priestess—a coming together that is pictured not as love, but as a kind of representation of nature, a symbol opposite to the symbol of the Cross and the five wounds. The experience brings peace, and reconciles the Man to the failure of his mission and the agony of his humiliation.

* * *

Lawrence presumably had his own reasons for giving the final expression of his creed in a form that he must have known would shock a very great multitude of people; but he can be acquitted here, as he cannot always be, of writing merely to shock, of choosing his theme simply because of its shocking qualities. And for myself I am glad he chose this way; because nothing else could so plainly expose the weakness, the primitive infantilism of his religion. The whole story is, of course, based on one of the favourite fallacies of to-day. We continually forget that no man can say " yes " and " no " at the same time, and retain integrity. We forget that there is no such thing as absolute inexperience, there is merely inexperience of certain things. The girl who, on the 18th of the month allows herself to be seduced, misses the experience of being a virgin on the 19th of the month. I cannot put Lawrence's devitalised, if dignified, man beside the Jesus of the Gospels: nor is there any need to appeal here to the specifically Christian tradition. What would Plato, what would the Stoics have said about the absurd value attached to sexual experience? What would be their verdict on the philosopher who professed to find a teacher unsatisfactory because his contacts with all mankind had been immediate, those of mind to mind, heart to heart, and soul to soul, and did not need the misleading and difficult comfort of bodily expression?

* * *

It is time, too, leaving this last specific example of it, to speak the truth about Lawrence's philosophy of sex. His greatest error consisted in his belief that sexual experience was, in itself, absolute. It is not untrue to say that for men and women there is no such thing as sexual experience; there is only sexual expression. This Lawrence never realised. He was possessed by the idea that the sexual act in itself has a value, is spiritually and mentally creative just as it is physically; whereas the truth is that it is only the symbol of spiritual and mental experience. What it should be, what it always is in the perfect marriage, is the symbol of complete spiritual and mental unity; it is not the cause of such unity, and many idealists, for instance Shelley, have come to grief because they believed that it is. And that is why Lawrence's attempt to apply his fantasy to the Crucified will seem absurd even to those who are not revolted by it. It will not only be Christians who will see that the experience Lawrence desired for the Man who died was impossible for him because it was not possible for him, as a person, to have complete spiritual and mental unity with any of the children of men.

RICHARD SUNNE.

NEW NOVELS

Other Ranks. By W. V. TILSLEY. Cobden-Sanderson. 7s. 6d.

Marriage and Money. By BARBARA BLACKBURN. Secker. 7s. 6d.

Cinderella's Daughter. By JOHN ERSKINE. Putnam. 7s. 6d.

The Limestone Tree. By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

Reader, I Married Him. By ANNE GREEN. Benn. 7s. 6d.

Ladybrook. By ELEANOR FARJEON. Collins. 7s. 6d.

Kostia the Cossack. By P. N. KRASSNOFF. Translated by OLGA VITALI and NATALIE TSYTOVITCH. Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.

Vain Love. By JOHANN FABRICIUS. Gollancz. 10s. 6d.

Here is one more war book, like the final rumble of retreating storm. The difficulty with *Other Ranks* is not so much Mr. Tilsley's fault as Time's. One cannot but judge it in relation to those which have gone before. Does it tell us anything new, or is it the same account of battles and detailed horrors? Yes, there is something else, for he speaks exclusively from the ordinary soldier's view, and on behalf of him. The "mateyness" of the Tommy in the jaws of death, the moments of waiting, of suspense; these Mr. Tilsley vividly conveys, as also the peculiar nightmare reality of crossing no-man's-land with the enemy plainly awaiting them, bayonets fixed, in his trenches: the slow onward trudge, the distance lessening, the hoping against hope that something might happen to prevent the seemingly inevitable clash of steel. Mr. Blunden, in an introduction, rightly commends Mr. Tilsley for his fairness. To divide oneself into a double personality, one reliving scenes of agony, the other emotionlessly detailing "what it felt like," is a difficult thing, but Mr. Tilsley achieves it. So we get the essence of the soldier's view. There is no glamour, but not such despair as reduces personality to a cipher. There is utter weariness, obeying orders mechanically and waiting for death; no other outlook, nor hope of escape by victory or peace, but only by wounds to return to England for awhile. Yet beneath this, man's companionable spirit flares up in bursts of Lancashire humour, which to our later day shines like lonely wisdom in the time of Europe's madness:

> Bradshaw felt happy at coming out all right; empty-stomached at the thought of going back again. He realised that seeming inefficiencies were too big and weighty to grapple with: later he would joke about them, ponderously sarcastic; knowing that each man's measure of enthusiasm wilted instead of flowering; accepting that all a man could do was a duty by himself and his comrades. Nothing, nobody else mattered.

That is Mr. Tilsley's truth, and underlies the dispassionate outlook of Bradshaw through all horrors; the only victory of those four years.

Miss Blackburn's *Marriage and Money* seems naturally to come next, for it deals with the difficulties of the war-scarred generation to cope with peace. The agony is transferred from the senses to the soul; the battle is with men's selves and circumstance. By "marriage and money," of course, the author means marriage and the lack of money. Luckily she is at heart an idealist; otherwise the double-edged quarrels of these young couples would become unbearably tedious. However, there are two, at least, who have found marriage harmony, and they give, none too soon, a needful balance to the book. Theirs is the real and very present problem of how to keep trade depression from contaminating married life. In general one must admit the truth of the picture Miss Blackburn draws. Existence is nervous and difficult for them; they make a poor job of it. The dice are too heavily loaded against them by fate. Only those with the comfort of great love can win through; the weaker give up, and their escape is, after all, by death, self-chosen. So one comes back to Bradshaw's philosophy of the trenches, the times being still out of joint. Miss Blackburn's style is concise and to the point, and can flower into beauty when she grants us, trudging thirstily through the desert of modern experience, an oasis of her secret faith.

In *Cinderella's Daughter* Mr. Erskine turns back the mirror from cheerless reality upon the world of fairy-tale. What has been happening, do you think, to those favourites of our childhood whom we had left at the moment which promised happiness ever after, as we closed the book and took the road to dull maturity? Mr. Erskine treats us to another, but a very playful, dose of disillusion. The glamorous moment past, Cinderella had to settle down with her prince. Their daughter thinks balls very dull; the prince, middle-aged, flirts mildly with one of the sisters whom the glass slipper did not fit. As for Jack of beanstalk fame, it must be admitted he was no more successful than people in real life at handling sudden wealth. Lady Godiva was not as pleased as she should have been to learn that Peeping Tom was not peeping at all. All the stories will make for some readers the old heroes and heroines seem much more companionable than if left marooned in that once all-sufficing perpetual bliss.

Mr. Hergesheimer is nothing if not varied. His subject can be a party dress or the whole of American history. *The Limestone Tree* is impressive in its attempt to carry out in the space of one volume a plan to which the Victorians would have devoted three. The tale opens about 1770 and closes in 1890. Its background is the evolution of Kentucky, and its characters are successive generations of the Sash and Abel families. First, log-cabins in a forest clearing, when any dawn might be heralded by the yell of an Indian attack. There lived John Abel, sowing his ground, but keeping his gun always at hand. Out of the forest came Gabriel Sash, a hunter, to whom living in four walls was like living in a trap. He settled among them—for awhile; long enough to marry Abel's daughter and have a son by her. Then one day he returned to the forest whence he came. He had always chafed at the slow processes of cultivation and being under any roof but the sky. Thenceforward we follow the growth of the two family trees through the troubled century of the birth of the U.S.A. The Abels stand for yeoman honesty, constitutional order; the Sashes are always somewhat reserved and self-communing, liking to go apart and meditate in wild places. Indians cease to be a menace; but then the English must be fought. The English are driven out; then political strife distracts the young State. Next the Civil War. Sash and Abel, no longer united in face of a common foe, then fight each other. Finally peace, reconciliation, prosperity. The last Gabriel Sash sits in the last remnant of the old forest fringing his estate, meditating on the past.

There is no justification inside Miss Green's book for the portentous title, *Reader, I Married Him*. To begin with, there is no "I" in the story; and one can only suppose it to be an attempt at "salesmanship." The scene is Paris; the characters mostly American. As a few hours beguilement it is tolerable fun. Catherine, daughter of a charming spendthrift, is superstitious, and believes that she can win her lover back to her, from the one to whom he is engaged, by magic. A "witch" assures her of this, and by that simple means almost accomplishes it; for the girl, ceasing to worry, becomes beautiful and vivacious again, thereby wounding the pride of her former lover. But when he is reconquered she finds her own love has become tepid, and the story ends with her sighing a little at the "happily ever after" of a plethora of adoration. It is, however, too much to ask us to swallow magic whole nowadays, even under the disguise of "psychology"; and the book is marred by pretentiously ironical reflections on modern life.

Eleanor Farjeon's *Ladybrook* is a refreshing and straightforward account of farm life in Sussex in the 'sixties. It is the story of the now old Deborah Ley, of the days of her youth when she was maid at the Shaws' farm, where immemorial traditions of the country were still honoured. Deborah is wooed and eventually won by Christopher Shaw, but the course of love is by no means smooth. The author is intimate with her background, and we witness the Harvest Supper, the Stag Hunt and other rural scenes in the course of the tale.

If anyone has still a taste for torture, dismemberings, violent death, and battles in which there is no trepidation at coming within reach of the enemy's steel, he will get his money's worth and something over in *Kostia the Cossack*. It is a tale of seventeenth-century Russia, and chiefly concerns the struggle between the Don Cossacks and the Turks for Azov. Descriptive passages of the fullness and delicacy of summer occur between gory adventures, and both are treated with an equal lyricism. Another translation is *Vain Love*, by Johann Fabricius. It is from the Dutch, and deals with the adventures of an Italian fisher-lad who flees from his native village thinking he has murdered a tourist for trifling with his sweetheart. His flight carries him to far lands and strange experiences, told in the sudden fitful style of a cinema film, which at least suits the volatile temperament of the hero, Mario Ferraro.

PROTEUS.

CAROLINE AGAIN

The First Gentleman. By GRACE E. THOMPSON. Cape. 12s. 6d.

Should Miss Thompson's charitable account of the life of Queen Caroline be reviewed as history or as fiction? The title page, ornamented with an immense synoptic sub-title in a pseudo eighteenth-century manner, vaguely suggests history: "The Story of the REGENT, afterwards GEORGE IV, of his Amours and Mistresses; of his Wife, the Princess Caroline . . . how she died of a broken Heart and the King had Peace at last." In a foreword, mainly about Horace Walpole, and slightly confused in printing and syntax, Miss Thompson describes her book as a gallery of portraits arranged by gathering together "Conversation Pieces" from contemporary letters and memoirs. Then in an afterword, under the heading Bibliography, she seems to incline towards seriousness and authenticity:

> Owing to the form in which this book is written, it is often impossible to use quotation marks in the text. The dialogue has, for the most part, been taken from the letters, memoirs, and diaries of the time; only the more colourless remarks have been invented. For every fact of importance there is some authority.

A list follows of about thirty books, some of them very respectable.

Miss Thompson's own work resembles almost any of the feather-weight biographical studies that have lately become a staple part of the stock of every lending library, though it is rather more broken up into "books," chapters and paragraphs than most of them: the author makes a special feature of paragraphs of one sentence. It is difficult to see why she found this form so uncompromising that it was often impossible to use quotation marks in the text. For example, on page 174 Miss Thompson writes of Caroline's "portraits" of her friends:

> They were in lively, concise, epigrammatic style, with a great tinge, in most of them, from her partiality and prejudices, but she seized with great discernment the leading features and particularities of the originals and those contradicting and contrasting qualities and tendencies which often may be observed in the same individual.

This has been copied exactly—except for a change of tense in the two main verbs—from Lord Glenbervie's journal for November 10, 1809; I cannot imagine why Miss Thompson should find it "impossible" to acknowledge her obligation in the ordinary way. Quotation marks and the introductory words, "Lord Glenbervie wrote in his journal," or a footnote, would in fact add to the value of the criticism, not detract from it. On the other hand, when it comes to conversations, quotation marks are endowed with alchemic virtues. Anything pinned to the page with these little marks must immediately take on all the characteristics of the spoken word, and Miss Thompson has a passion for the spoken word. Mr. Ward leans forward confidentially at a dinner party and recites a passage from an entry made by Lord Glenbervie some months later. But does it sound like Mr. Ward—or like anyone—imparting a piece of gossip at a dinner-party? In Miss Thompson's book it seems slightly less human than the dictaphone. At the same dinner party the Princess of Wales is also given a piece from Lord Glenbervie to recite, with an even more incongruous effect.

Lady Charlotte Bury, in her *Diary of the Times of George IV*, reports a private conversation between herself and the Princess, in which Caroline said, among other things referring to her marriage many years before: "The first moment I saw my *futur* and Lady Jersey together I knew how it all was, and I said to myself, 'Oh, very well.' I took my *partie* —" Whether she actually used these words no one knows, but the conversation has a natural and convincing tone, both in Lady Charlotte's book and where Miss Thompson quotes it on page 179 as being said privately to the lady-in-waiting in 1810. But on page 111 we read in a description of the first meeting of the Princess and the Prince of Wales: "She was flippant, rattling, affecting raillery and wit, throwing out vulgar hints about Lady Jersey and quizzing the Prince about his fancy. Malmesbury, fully alive to the disaster, was unable to check her. 'No. When I saw my *futur* and her ladyship together I knew how it was, and I took my *partie*,' she said obstinately." There seems to be no evidence that Caroline ever said this to Malmesbury—that, of course, is unimportant in the scheme of Miss Thompson's book—but the tone of the remark and the very words used suggest that if Caroline did say it, it was not at her first meeting with George, but a considerable time afterwards, when she had from a distance reflected upon that meeting. Miss Thompson describes a visit to Caroline at Blackheath made by George III in 1807, a sort of John Gilpin affair, the King giving his attendants the slip—"on the heels of the King thundered the Duke of Cumberland"—"behind him clattered his equerries, grooms and life-guardsmen." The whole episode has a farcical air. Lord Glenbervie in 1801 (six years earlier) reports a visit so similar in essentials that I think Miss Thompson must intend her episode of 1807 to be an improved account of it, whereas according to Lord Glenbervie, who was quoting from the Princess herself, the King went and returned very quietly, without any sensation or chasing, "accompanied only by the Duke of Cumberland and two equerries."

Miss Thompson of course is not writing ordinary history, and her work has none of the interest of an ordinary historical work, where the value of different witnesses is weighed and compared and the salt is always ready to dash on the tail of truth. But, unlike the writers of these memoirs on which she has drawn so much for her material, she seems to have no gift for plausible exaggeration and no knack for invention. It cannot be the result of conscientious scruples. If a witness on oath asserts that Mr. Jones said something when he knows that it was said by Mr. Smith, he does not evade perjury by giving Mr. Smith's words exactly. Miss Thompson intended for literary ends to commit what an historian would consider perversion of the truth, and there seems to be no reason why she should have hampered herself in reporting Princess Caroline or Mr. Ward by the idea that she must put in their mouths either colourless phrases or what someone else alive at the time had written in a diary or letter. She shows the most curious combination of timidity and conscientiousness on the one hand, and on the other complete but uninspired abandonment. Caroline was on the Continent in 1814.

> At Geneva she saw Byron, and in her company, perhaps, he created an immortal phrase:
>
> "On with the dance, let joy be unconfined,
> No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet,
> To chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

Byron, as we know, did not write the third canto of *Childe Harold* until the middle of 1816. It is not inconceivable that he had been brooding over the lines, "On with the dance," etc.,

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ever since he had seen the ill-shapen, grotesquely-dressed Caroline, aged 46, enjoying herself at Geneva in 1814; but it is improbable, and surely if Miss Thompson wished to fill in the cracks in her story with possibilities as remote as this, there are a million to choose from, and she might at least suggest something amusing, something less in the manner of a schoolgirl's essay.

In the chapter on the trial Miss Thompson, as an ardent vindicator of the Queen, has naturally been attracted to Mr. Creevey's report in his letters to his step-daughter, Miss Ord. But in her passion for turning everything into conversation she makes those most readable letters jerky and unreal, almost unrecognisable. To improve Creevey she even makes him anticipate and insert in one of his letters a footnote by his twentieth-century editor, Sir Herbert Maxwell. She says that he writes from Brooks's (or Brook's, as she prefers to call it) on the first day of the trial. Actually he wrote from the House of Lords, but "Brook's," one supposes, sounds more Georgian and dashing. Immensely pompous conversations between unnamed, unknown figures take place at "Brook's," with here and there a colourless question for which Miss Thompson is solely responsible. Not only is Creevey ruined by being turned into dialogue, but the dialogue made out of sentences and pieces of his letters sounds as stupid as a collection of cinema captions, or Sayings of the Week. Conversational styles are as different from narrative styles as chalk from cheese. If the main essential in making a gallery of portraits from "Conversation Pieces" is to confuse these styles, it is impossible to consider such a book as *The First Gentleman* as a serious form of literature. As a serious parlour game, perhaps.

LYN LL. IRVINE.

THE POST-WAR WORLD

Since Then. By Sir PHILIP GIBBS. Heinemann. 15s.

A London "movie" theatre has recently combined with the policy of cheap seats the experiment of a fifty minutes' programme exclusively devoted to topical events from all parts of the world. It has been, as it deserved to be, entirely successful, and its success implies that to-day at least (whatever may have been the general attitude before 1914) we islanders—the mass of the public as distinct from those of us with opportunities for travel—are genuinely interested in what is going on in the world.

Now comes Sir Philip Gibbs, eager as ever to improve his opportunity, and gives us a similar panorama of these twelve years of peace. It was a bold venture. But Sir Philip Gibbs knows his public and he has chosen just the right medium, a succession of vivid "shots" with intermingled tragedy and comedy, sentiment and common sense in the right proportions, the whole combining to provide for the ordinary intelligent person the best possible *A B C* of contemporary history. Probably no one else could have done it. Sir Philip Gibbs rides no hobby-horse, and his essentially liberal outlook, together with a simple readable style, should earn for him, after this book, the title of greatest of peace correspondents.

An unquenchable passion for peace is what binds together these first-hand impressions—of Hungary under mob rule, of Russia in turmoil, of the tragedy that was Greece until the Treaty of Lausanne, of Italy transformed but stained with bloodshed and now under the deadly gag of State-worship, of Austria rescued from utter collapse by the financial aid made possible through the machinery of the League, of the new Germany saved on the brink of catastrophe by the spirit of youth and the national genius for work, of Poland and Pilsudski, of America seeking normality and finding flux, of England at the time of the General Strike and after, with its silent social revolution revealed by the 1929 General Election.

A chance remark in his first conversation with a German at Malmedy on December 4th, 1918, who said: "The war is over and now we can be friends again," seems to have made a lasting impression. And Sir Philip Gibbs is withal so splendidly sane, as in the chapter on the record of the League, where he writes:

> It is indeed a League of intensely national States, all trying to safeguard their own interests and all limited in vision by their own traditions, ambitions, fears and anxieties. That is what it is meant to be. If it were other than that, it would be a danger to the world and a new form of tyranny, or something unreal and alien to the practical business of life. . . .

While everywhere the fires are still smouldering after the great conflagration, there is hope still in the tremendous and widespread revolt against war, the only subject, as Sir Philip Gibbs drily remarks, upon which the post-war mind is agreed. To-day, as at Versailles, the peacemakers, the national leaders do not seem to be big enough for the job, they are too "old-fashioned, traditional, limited . . . to dare any great spiritual adventure for peace' sake." 1930 finds Sir Philip still in the middle of the road, but frankly on the side of youth "everywhere in revolt against the old conventions, taboos, the authority of old age, and the ideas of a world which had massacred the noblest of its manhood."

A comparison of this book with the cinematographic medium is inevitable. The author is patently fascinated by the "moving picture" quality of life to-day, the general sense of impermanence and relativity which goes with a restless candour and challenging of all dogma and fixed principles. Some of the earlier chapters read exactly like a film scenario. The book remains *sui generis* and should be widely read. It is all the more unfortunate that the mode of presentation is definitely slovenly. There is no sort of index, foreign words are invariably misspelt, the proof-reading must have been very inadequate—one finds General Sackt for General von Seeckt, the Hall of Reparations (at Geneva) for the Salle de la Réformation, etc., and, a crowning blunder: on the dust-cover the publishers affirm that "no one can explain to a British reader the point of view of the Esthonians, the Letts, the Lithuanians, and the Croats as Sir Philip Gibbs [*sic*]" when these are, as it happens, among the few peoples of Europe that do not come within the author's purview!

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1, *Observer.* 2, Mr. Frank Swinnerton. 3, Mr. John Langdon Davies. 4, Mr. C. E. M. Joad. 5, *Everyman.* 6, *Manchester Evening News.* 7, *Edinburgh Evening News.* 8, *Listener.* 9, *Vossische Zeitung.*

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cated subject, and his aim has been not to produce a text-book, but to interest a wide circle of readers. Technically it is a second edition (the first was published eighteen years ago), but almost everything has changed since 1918, and practically the whole work has been rewritten. The historical chapters are slight; there is just enough to give the necessary background, and to whet the appetite for more. Of course, the story of London government in the past is mainly the story of the City, which, as every student knows, is now the unique survival of the civic oligarchy of the Middle Ages. Mr. Harris, though he allows merits to the City Corporation, dislikes its undemocratic features, and finds fault with it on practical grounds as an awkward element in the administrative county.

In the administration of London to-day by the L.C.C. and the Metropolitan Borough Councils there is much to be praised. The city is well lit, well paved, well policed. The public services, on the whole, are good, and are getting better. One or two of them—the main drainage system and the fire brigade, for example—are unrivalled anywhere in the world. Education, though it is a long way from perfect, has made enormous advances in the last five and twenty years. And we may hope that, with the abolition of Poor Law Unions and the Boards of Guardians, the treatment of the destitute will in due course make a like advance. But there are defects, as Mr. Harris points out. Besides the slums, of which the metropolis has its full and foul share, there is a sad lack of open spaces. The public parks and gardens that we have are most of them admirable, and Mr. Lansbury's enterprise is—*pace* the curmudgeons—improving those that are under his jurisdiction. But they are all too few and far between in our monstrous pack of bricks and mortar and cement and iron. Nor, contrary to the common belief, is London as well cleaned as it ought to be. A Departmental Committee reported in 1930 that "the work of refuse collection and disposal by the metropolitan sanitary authorities presents a great many unsatisfactory and insanitary features which should be remedied without delay." The markets, again, leave much to be desired—alike in regard to their position (consider Covent Garden and Billingsgate, for example) and their control—the City Corporation still has its ancient monopoly over all markets within seven miles of the Mansion House.

Most serious, as every Londoner knows, is the traffic problem. Mr. Harris gives a lively account of the muddles and struggles of ourselves and our fathers before us, the conflict of public and private interests over the trams, the beneficent, yet embarrassing, swarming of the omnibus, and the sadly short-lived experiment of the L.C.C. steamboats in 1905–6. Now, we trust, all this is going to be changed under Mr. Morrison's London Passenger Transport Bill. Mr. Harris is not a warm supporter of that Bill, with its plan for the co-ordination of all the traffic services under a public board. He likes the public ownership, but he does not like the board; he favours the old-fashioned principle of municipal management. So do many of us, in general. But the London traffic problem is an abnormal problem, and Mr. Morrison's solution seems, in all the circumstances, the right one.

There remains the largest and the most difficult of all the questions connected with the government of the metropolis. The administrative county which was mapped out in 1888 is not London; it is only the heart of the immense conurbation that we call Greater London. And this heart does not work in unison with the rest of the body—with the counties and boroughs, the urban and rural district councils, that ring it round. The need for unification has long been realised, and it was hoped that the Royal Commission, over which Lord Ullswater presided a few years ago, would show the way to drastic changes. But the fears and jealousies of the outlying authorities were a barrier to the proposals of the L.C.C., and the majority report of the Commission turned out to be a hedging and feeble document, on which no serious measure of reform could be based. There was, indeed, a minority report pointing plainly in the right direction; but this found no favour with the Government of the day. Nevertheless, sooner or later—and the sooner the better—we must have a government of Greater London. That does not mean that every service, from higher education to slaughter-houses, should be in the hands of an aggrandised L.C.C. It means a unified or co-ordinated management of services that overrun the boundaries between borough and borough and district and district within a dozen or twenty, or even more, miles from Charing Cross. Within such a region, or province, of London and the Home Counties, there will be ample scope for the minor municipalities to function as local units. And with such a system established, not only in the metropolitan area, but over the whole country, the devolution of powers by Parliament and Whitehall would be made far easier. Mr. Harris is critical of a "London Parliament" as he calls it; we do not want two kings in Brentford, he says. But surely he is making himself the victim of words. There would be no clash of authority between the national Parliament and a super-local authority in the shape of a regional council for Greater London. To say that "two Parliaments sitting in London might give a wrong impression" is to rate our intelligence very low. And his own ideal—that "the City Corporation should follow the example of other towns and absorb its suburbs"—is as pretty a fancy as any Utopia-maker ever thought of.

C. M. L.

THE LATER GRAVES

Poems (1926-1930). By ROBERT GRAVES. Heinemann. 3s. 6d.

If in a poet's world certain objects stand out from their surroundings and impress themselves first upon his imagination, it will very likely be those which best express his mood, and the philosophical outlook of the moment. More, such objects tend to appear to him in colours which have a special relation to his psychology for the time being. They are seen not in their own reality, but in his actual and momentary fancy. In "Landscape," Mr. Graves writes:

> When mountain rocks and leafy trees
> And clouds and things like these,
> With edges,
>
> Caricature the human face,
> Such scribblings have no grace
> Or peace—
>
> The bulbous nose, the sunken chin,
> The ragged mouth in grin
> Of cretin.
>
> Nature is always so, you find
> That brutal-comic mind,
> As wind . . . .

but this landscape, however true it may be as a description of one aspect of Nature, is essentially anthropomorphic in its character; the verses can serve as an indication of the mood of the poet, not as an interpretation of the world of nature which we occupy as well as he does.

Mr. Graves' mood is one in which forceful, even horrible, rather than beautiful images appeal, invective and controversy rather than the more purely æsthetic kinds of creation. It is not surprising, therefore, to find in Mr. Graves yet another worshipper of the beast, and in his poem "Saint" another modern expression of dualism. It has fallen apparently to Mr. Graves to write the conclusion of Spenser's allegory, for Spenser withheld the stroke that should have killed the Blatant Beast, knowing that it would provoke rancour in those who loved the monster least. Now, according to Mr. Graves, the Red Cross Knight killed him publicly at length, and the people made holiday:

> . . . yet their hearts were doubt and rue.
>
> Therefore no grave was deep enough to hold
> The Beast, which after days came thrusting out,
> Wormy from rump to snout,
> His draggled cere-cloth foul with the grave's mould.
>
> Nor could sea hold him; anchored with great stones
> He swelled and buoyed them up, paddling to shore
> As evident as before
> With deep-sea ooze and salty creaking bones.
>
> Lime could not burn him, nor the hot coal-fire:
> So often as the good Knight bound him there,
> With stink of singeing hair
> And scorching flesh the corpse rolled from the pyre.

The Knight, at last, through shame and despair, turned hermit, but the beast followed him as his seneschal, and,

> Noisome with long decay,
> Sunning himself at the cave's entry stood.

Nor was the horror at an end till the beast crept into the grave of the saint who once vanquished him.

This is on the whole the most powerful poem in the book. Too many of the remainder exhibit in places a violence in the means of their expression entirely disproportionate to the importance of the subject-matter.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE ODNEY CLUB
COOKHAM, BERKSHIRE

(*Telephone: Bourne End* 228.)

Cookham Station is thirty-five minutes from Paddington and about ten minutes' walk from the Club.

Enquiries for membership, copies of the Rules, etc., or applications to see the Club by appointment should be addressed to the Secretary, Major-General L. A. E. Price-Davies, V.C., C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Lollebrook Manor, Cookham, Berkshire (the main club-house), or to any of the following members of the Election Committee :—

Miss C. A. Partridge, 28 Glebe Place, Chelsea, S.W. 3.
Mrs. L. A. E. Price-Davies, The Odney Club, Cookham, Berkshire.
Mr. G. S. Conway, M.C., M.A.(Cantab.), 3 Alberon Gardens, N.W. 11.
Mr. O. B. Miller, B.A.(Oxon), 32 Lansdowne Crescent, W. 11.
Mr. T. W. Robinson, A.C.A., 35 Redcliffe Gardens, S.W. 10.
Mr. M. Watkins, M.A.(Cantab.), Formosa Place, Cookham, Berkshire.

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The broad policy is to offer to the members and to their friends all the advantages of riverside-country-house life with boats, grounds and club-rooms of genuinely first-class quality and good plain cooking but with no unnecessarily expensive luxuries. The Club supplies wines, cider and ale, but no spirits.

It is beautifully situated upon the Cliveden Reach of the Thames immediately under the Cliveden Woods. There is a very long frontage to the main river up to Odney Pool and a millstream flows through the grounds. The full plan provides for more than thirty hard-courts for lawn-tennis (of which eight have been made already) besides croquet courts, bowling greens, etc. There is a large fleet of punts, canoes and other craft, and excellent swimming.

The buildings are of first-rate quality with central heating and plenty of bathrooms. Concerts and dances are arranged frequently. There is already permanent residential accommodation for forty members and week-end bedroom accommodation for about twenty more. More rooms will be provided in due course.

The Club is not intended to be more than just barely self-supporting and it is believed that the rates of subscription mentioned below will prove sufficient. There is no extra charge for boats, tennis, etc., and the charges for meals and for bedroom accommodation are extremely moderate. The total bill for a week-end from Saturday afternoon to Sunday evening need not be more than ten shillings, including, as aforesaid, unlimited tennis, boating, dancing, etc.

Membership of the Club is open, of course, to all members of the Partnership, that is to say to all grades of the staff, but the grounds (which are finely timbered and cover more than a hundred acres) have proved to be about double their present requirement. It is proposed accordingly to admit "non-partner members" to this extent.

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SHORTER NOTICES

East of the Hudson. By J. BROOKS ATKINSON. Knopf. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Atkinson is an American journalist who began as reporter to a local newspaper and is now dramatic critic of the *New York Times*. This book is a collection of brief essays on Greenwich village, theatres, the seasons, comedians, New York streets and docks, with an occasional excursion up the Hudson to a log-cabin. He begins and ends by liking New York because "things hummed." Rather agreeably, he hums himself on a good variety of subjects. He gives an excellent picture of American street life. The chapter called "Buffoons" contains four pages on the Marx Brothers which are pungently and vividly admiring. Like much of the best American journalism, this book is very efficient and readable in the snapshot style.

From Shikar and Safari: A Big Game Anthology. Selected by E. H. BAXTER. Black. 10s. 6d.

A collection of "snapshots" from the published records of many of our big-game hunters, this book was inspired by an article in the *Field* which pointed out that there was no Big-Game anthology in our language. The method adopted has been to take the climax of each good hunting story, and it is really surprising how effective a page or half-page of quotation may be. The majority of the stories treat of encounters with the more dangerous game. The book, of course, invites quotation, and will be as useful to the sportsman writer as a good volume of quotations is to the literary man. Perhaps the most thrilling stories are those which record the superb courage and self-sacrifice of native peoples, who to rescue a friend or a master will often attack the fiercest of beasts with nothing but a spear, sometimes without any weapon at all.

The Secret of the Bungalow. By ROBERT J. CASEY. Mathews and Marrot. 7s. 6d.

This is an ingenious murder-story, one of the most ingenious indeed we have met; but it is written in a variety of American slang which seems out of place when applied to danger and death. We hope the habit of facetiousness will not grow on the author of detective stories—it puts the reader in the wrong mood, and is as inappropriate as jests in a chess-problem. Still, the puzzle about whose corpse it was that was found in the bungalow, and who burnt it and the bungalow is well designed and cleverly solved, and those who do not mind about style will find this story an excellent passer of time.

Richard the Lionheart. By RHODA POWER. Putnam. 8s. 6d.

This is the life of Richard the Lionheart described in the plain yet striking language which is the most easily comprehensible to school-children. Miss Power tells the truth as though it were a story, and, paradoxically, adds to the value and excitement of the story by showing that it is the truth. In her hands battles and treaties actually seem to have some relation to the isolated dates by which we know them, and history becomes the story of peasants and Jews, as well as of barons and kings. The book is beautifully produced and illustrated with excellent maps.

Green Girl. By PRISCILLA JOHNSTON. Duckworth. 7s. 6d.

Books about school life have, as a rule, a limited appeal, but Priscilla Johnston in *Green Girl* has considerably widened the limits by making the school co-educational, and choosing for her story the love-affair between one of the pupils, a girl of sixteen, and the Mathematics master, aged twenty-seven. It is not surprising that there should be improbabilities in such a situation, and these, of course, cannot be altogether ignored. Yet it is in the portrayal of the wild, unruly love of adolescence that Miss Johnston is at her best. Vaughan and Mariella are real people, and they demand our sympathy in a quite unwarranted way which it is hard to resist. The author has an excellent sense of character, and even the less important persons in the book are carefully drawn. Her technique is surprisingly smooth and mature, but it is essentially imitative, and its lack of originality suggests that it is the outcome of a special course in novel-*reading*, rather than the work of a "born writer." Miss Johnston evidently spends all her creative ability on her characters and has none to spare for construction or style. Nevertheless, there is a vitality and freshness about *Green Girl* which makes it very pleasant to read, and it is certainly a remarkable achievement for a girl of eighteen.

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GRAMOPHONE NOTES

THOUGH of no great intrinsic importance, Stravinsky's Capriccio for Pianoforte and Orchestra is of great interest as an example not only of the composer's later manner, but of the mind of the average modern artist. I use the word average advisedly, not in any contemptuous manner but in the way that Cimarosa, for example, might be described as an average eighteenth-century composer. Patrons and courts do not play the part they did in the life of a composer; he has exchanged them for the more subtle and less generous tyranny exerted by fashionable criticism and that hybrid blend of art and society described by Mr. Wyndham Lewis as "High Bohemia." To this world Stravinsky's later works provide the ideal accompaniment; the *galanterie-musik* of our age, a real *musique d'ameublement* which blends in every way with the pictorial decoration. We can, indeed, trace in Stravinsky's musical development exactly the same movements and reactions as those of modern painting—Fauvism, Cubism, Neo-Classicism, and finally Surréalism. What is harder to trace is any genuine musical impulse as apart from extraordinary executive ability. The close connection between Stravinsky's music and the latest movements in painting is an interesting example of the curious overlapping of the arts to-day, and of the tendency for one art vainly to seek expression in the terms of another, as exemplified by the musical and rhythmic obsessions of many of the "Transitional" writers, the romantic prose-poems of the Surréaliste painters, and finally the unemotional objectivity of composers such as Stravinsky. Stravinsky lumps together fragments from half a dozen musical traditions with the fine detachment of the painter arranging a mandoline, a pair of boots, and a copy of *Le Journal* as a *nature-morte*, and his persistent use of certain lifeless classical formulæ reminds one irresistibly of the plaster casts which loom so large in the unconscious mind of the present-day painter. The Capriccio, though outwardly more sentimental and more lively than his Piano Concerto, is no less of a *nature-morte*. The vague reminiscences of Johann Strauss, seen through syncopated spectacles, which occur in the last movement are actually the most depressing moments in the work. The finale is not gay music; it is an intellectual imitation of the sound of gay music, a dissection of its elements. It has no more connection with the genuine gaiety of Chabrier and Johann Strauss than a record of laughing has with *The Importance of Being Earnest*.

* * *

The pseudo-classical scaffolding of this work cannot prevent us realising how lacking it is in any intrinsic formal logic. In spite of the formality of Stravinsky's later work it shows no more real sense of form than his early ballets, where, of course, this deficiency passed relatively unnoticed. There is nothing sadder in the whole of modern music than the way in which Stravinsky, who, if not a figure of outstanding importance, was at least a first-class theatrical composer, has deliberately turned away from his natural path to enter a field in which his striking gifts are at a discount and his equally striking deficiencies

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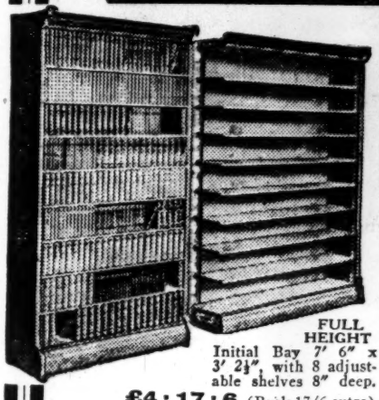

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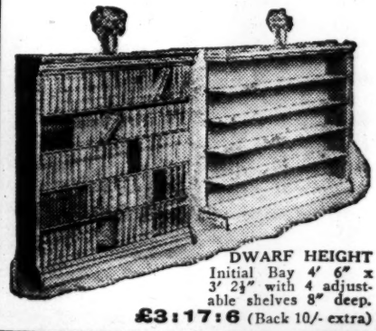

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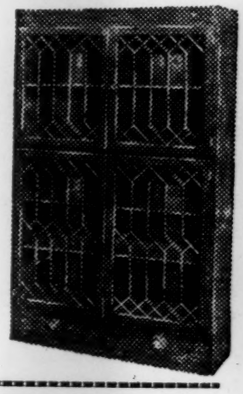

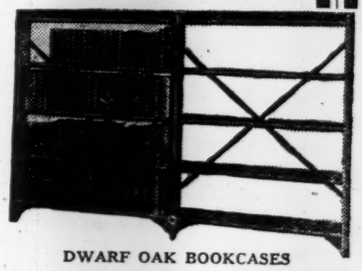

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brought into unusual prominence. The Capriccio is an interesting work to study because it shows the latest stage of this development. It is neatly played by the composer, accompanied by the Walther Straram Orchestra, under Ansermet (Columbia, three 12-in., LX116-118).

* * *

Mid-March records have not been especially interesting. Arthur Rubinstein is in unusually reflective mood in a Chopin Mazurka (C minor) and the exquisite "La Maja y el Ruiseñor" from Granados' *Goyescas*: a delightful record (H.M.V., 12-in., DB1462). The Royal Opera Orchestra, Covent Garden, under Eugene Goossens, gives us Franck's Symphonic Poem "Le Chasseur Maudit." It is not in his happiest vein. Franck was definitely one of Nature's organists, he had little gift for orchestration and was quite unsuited to the fantastic and macabre. This elaborate attempt to make our flesh creep merely reminds us of the *Ingoldsby Legends*. The performance and recording are good. It is a relief to turn to the fourth side on which is Chabrier's delightfully gay and vigorous "Joyeuse Marche" (always put down, for some reason, as "Marche Joyeuse"). The performance is a little on the sedate side, but allows us to hear most of the details of this surprisingly complex score. Chabrier is usually dismissed in this country as an unimportant "light composer." Quite apart from the wit and charm of his music he is a significant figure through the very great influence of his harmonic and orchestral style on later French composers (H.M.V., two 12-in., C2016-7). The same conductor and orchestra have made a very exhilarating record of Auber's ridiculous but pleasing overture, "The Bronze Horse" (H.M.V., C1997). An exceptionally good jazz record is Ellington's "Mood Indigo," played by the Harlem Footwarmers. The harmony and orchestration are charmingly original. This record confirms my impression that Ellington is a quite outstanding popular composer (Parlophone R866).

CONSTANT LAMBERT.

About Motoring

THE SINS OF MOTORISTS

MR. GORDON PHILLIPS has discovered that motoring fosters all the seven deadly sins; Pride: "my new Rolls"; Anger: "d—n that creeper, why doesn't he clear the road?"; Avarice: I could not follow him here; Gluttony: "the fresh air has made me hungry—another portion, please, waiter"; Lust: with a curtained glass partition between front and rear seats; Envy: "how much will you allow me on my 1930 model, dealer?"; and Sloth—because motoring is easier work than walking. I instantly resolved to sell my car, and be canonised. But, as I mused on these things, it dawned on me that I should neither escape nor yet inevitably conquer any of these temptations supposing I were fortunate enough to coax cash out of somebody in return for my ancient Morris. I should still be tempted to Pride in respect of my brains, my bulb garden, the match of my tie and my socks, my realism, my honest democratic opinions, and a hundred other things. To Anger, because as a pedestrian my heel would blister; or my last match would go out; or it would rain when I had no umbrella; or my umbrella would be blown inside out. To Avarice, by an increase in the income tax, any appeal for an additional subscription, or on being approached by an American publisher. To Lust—surely a glade in any green wood is as possible a site for fornication as a curtained limousine? To Envy—whenever I read Arnold Bennett, or see Walter Hagen drive, or meet somebody who pays super-tax, or notice a man of fifty whose chest still exceeds his waist. To Sloth—for even if I sold my car, I could still travel by train, tram or 'bus; and even if, inspired by Mr. Phillips, I insisted on walking everywhere, I might secretly hate walking. So I am not going to sell my car after all. But conscience must be scrutinised closely, since the motor-car is one of those innumerable material objects, ranging from a golden sovereign to a bottle of rum, which, in themselves amoral, can nevertheless be used in all sorts of perverted manners.

* * *

I rule out most of Mr. Phillips' alleged temptations at one fell swoop. Avarice, because the motor-car has actually encouraged extravagance in me. Lust, because a petting party in a car park—*more Americano*—is a purely adolescent hobby. Sloth—because I still retain the energy to walk reasonable distances—did I not tramp ten miles yesterday?—and life is too short for me to walk from London to Falmouth, whither I must journey next week. Anger—because every sane motorist realises that the road develops into an acute form of torture if one surrenders to the innumerable irritations which it can furnish in a fifty-mile run on any fine week-end, and most of us have actually acquired a kind of armour-plated, philosophic calm as the direct effect of travel discipline. It remains for me to face his other three indictments in the privacy of my own soul, as they are less easily denied. Pride is at once the most odious and the most plausible of the trio. Sheer vehicular pride hardly arises with a scarred and rusty Morris, three years old. If I owned a Rolls, should I surrender to pride? I did not design the Rolls, nor its sumptuous coachwork. I could not swagger about my handling of it, as I have never been a pluperfect gearchanger, nor able to judge distance to millimetres. Why should I be proud if I had derived the £3,000 which a Rolls would represent from a bequest? Or from the Irish sweep? Or from the brains which my ancestry transmitted to me and a lucky education developed? No, I honestly deny that I could ever be proud of owning a fine car, or of my own driving ability. On the contrary, its possession would make me more than a little uncomfortable. Only a pachyderm can expend on a hobby capital which would keep an artisan family for at least ten years. Gluttony is rather more insidious. Let us all confess that after a hundred-mile run in an open car we walk rather hurriedly into an hotel, wondering what there will be for lunch, hoping that we have arrived at the very moment when the joint is done to a turn, and developing tendencies to eat twice as much as we devour after a morning in the City. But is this gluttony? Gluttony, according to Mr. Phillips, is a false appetite, owing nothing to honest exercise. But "exercise" is really the oxygenation of the blood. I face a minimum of muscular effort when I control sheet and helm of a small boat in a lively sea; but my blood gets more oxygenated than by a sedentary morning in a fast car, and I eat more lunch. Gluttony, surely, consists of eating more food than my body requires; it is over eating, rather than the supply of an exceptional physical appetite; eating savoury food just because it is savoury. So I acquit myself on this score also. But I plead guilty to Envy. I do not wish in the very least to deprive Jones of his 1931 Morris, which is smarter, faster, quieter and better sprung than my own antique vehicle. But I should love to own its twin sister. I do not wish to deprive Kaye Don of the musketeerish skill with which he handles any car that may be entrusted to him. But I should swell with pride if I could judge distance and handle gears as he does. Nevertheless, I am not going to eschew motoring; for I have always envied many people their possessions, physical, mental and spiritual; and I should continue to do so even if by a self-denying ordinance I ceased to motor.

* * *

Having, as I hope, deprived Mr. Phillips of much of his ammunition, I will present him with two guns for the replenishment of his depleted battery. Motoring definitely encourages two deadly sins from which non-motorists may hope to remain comparatively immune. It makes us extravagant. I gather from the rich husbands of exceptionally lovely women that it is possible to pay £200 for a frock, which is bestowed on a maid after half a dozen wearings. No comparable extravagance disfigured the average *bourgeois* household till motoring came in. But nowadays Brown will pay £500 for a new 1931 motor-car, and when Brown has driven that car to Brighton and back on its virgin run, its value drops to possibly £425. Unmoved by this frightful extravagance (for Brown's gross income may not be more than £750 per annum), Brown will quite probably sell that car for £300 or even less in October, and cheerily face a similar depreciation on his 1932 motor. From this futile behaviour it is obvious that motoring has inflicted a wholly false scale of values upon Brown. I am left to guess why he sold his 1930 car at heavy loss, and why he will in six months sell his 1931 car at an equally absurd sacrifice. Possibly speed is his obsession? I know quite well that his next season car will not be more than 5 m.p.h. faster than his present car; and that he will not actually use that extra speed ten times during the year. The case of Mrs. Brown is possibly worse; she will conceivably base her life on the gospel according to Stopes in order that she may motor without intermission. Fiercely I deny and refute almost the whole of Mr. Phillips' indictment of motorists. But humbly I confess that most of us are ridiculously extravagant; and that most of us eventually adopt a very false set of values.

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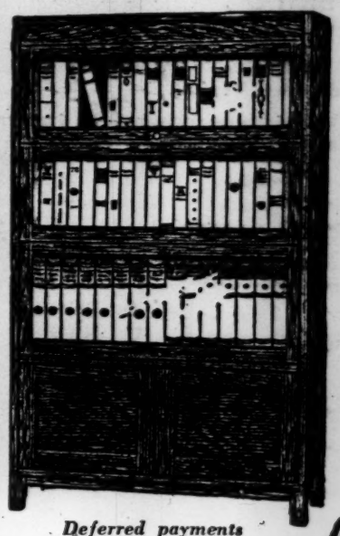

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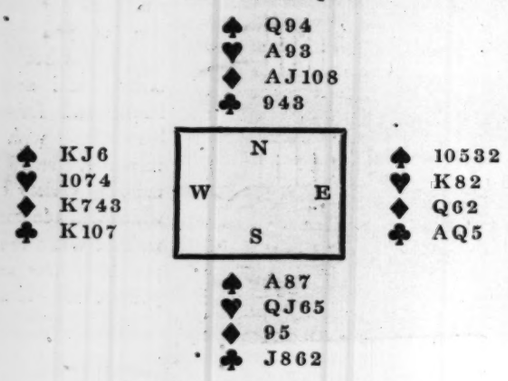
PLAYTIME

BRIDGE

BY CALIBAN.

HOW TO BID AT CONTRACT: A SERIES OF ILLUSTRATIVE HANDS.

IV. Suit Bid of One, with "minimum response" by Partner of One No Trump.



Score: Love-all. West deals.

The bidding is as follows:

West	..	No Bid	No Bid
North	..	1 ♦	No Bid
East	..	No Bid	No Bid
South	..	1 N.T.	

Notes on the Bidding.

The response of One No Trump, to partner's suit-bid of One, is one of the most precise bids in the Forcing System. It does *not* (as old Auction players are inclined to suppose) show a strong all-round hand; nor yet an overmastering desire to play the hand in No Trumps. Its purpose is to convey to partner certain definite items of information. These are:

(1) That there is no support for his suit;
(2) That there is no alternative suit worth bidding;
(3) That the hand contains about 1½ honour-tricks which (4) are distributed between at least two suits.

With such a holding as this, it is worth while to give partner a second chance to bid, for if his hand is of more than minimum strength he may have a second bid which will suit the combined hands better. If, on the other hand, he has no such bid, and his own suit is not strong enough to bid again, the take-out into One No Trump can do no great harm.

In the example given above, West *passes* and North opens with *One Diamond*. It is a minimum bid, but it would be folly to pass on a hand which may well be the best of the four. East *passes*, and South bids *One No Trump*. Any other bid would be incorrect. South is weak in his partner's suit (his No Trump bid makes this clear); he has no "biddable" suit; on the other hand, his honour-trick strength makes it desirable that partner should have the chance of bidding again. Note that South's weakness in Diamonds is an additional reason for his No Trump take-out. If his holding, in the same situation, were:

♠ A87
♥ QJ65
♦ 975
♣ J62

his bid of One No Trump, though still correct, would be less imperative than in the case illustrated.

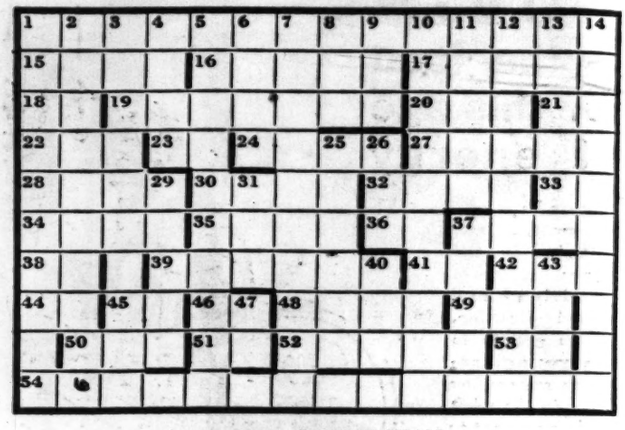
North leaves in the bid of One No Trump, since his holding in Diamonds is a minimum, and he has nothing else to suggest. *In play*, South should just make his contract.

West's hand is an awkward one to lead from. His best original lead is the 10 of Hearts.

CALIBAN'S CONTRACT CAPTIONS—No. 5

With no support in partner's suit,
An honour-trick and a half, to boot,
Your "One No Trump" will make things plain
Should partner wish to bid again.

TRINCULO'S CROSSWORD



LOWER CRUSTACEAN

ACROSS

1. Referring to the title of the piece.
15. We have it, so the motion must decease.
16. With colour coming back, a flower I'd be.
17 rev. The Council of Nicaea was rude to me.
18. Do (19) mix the form of public worship set.
20. One element of four. (21) 'Tis gold we get.
22. Plan (23) what a desk contains. (24) It oughter go.
27. A bird can lift a heavy weight, we know.
28. The hump-backed ox is sadly knocked about.
30. A town in Ecuador, but I'm without.
32. An authoress whose name recalls '15.
33. The gentlemen who "rook" us, bean by bean.
34. Riter—on whom 'twere wrong our wrath to wreak.
35. Some gadgets of the High Priest's we must seek.
36. A snake-like fish of what's within deprive.
37. Here's Mount Chagrin, (38) Capone, (39) a set of five.
41. In bulk. (42) Play, palindrome. (44) Do, follow me.
45. Richard the First. (46) Was moved from see to see.
48. Then let it stand. (49) Inclined. (50) Here's Mummy's lad.
51. Initials these of good King George's dad.
52. I start like nothing, but no enginear.
53. Note — number three. (54) My needs will soon appear.

DOWN.

1. Quite soon, your kind attention I shall claim.
2. In Paris, I suppose, this might be fame.
3. One of a set of five; inverted, too.
4. A willow, with its end lopped off, would do.
5, 47. Porthos, perhaps, or Aramis might be.
6. In prison (says the lady) look for me.
7 rev. The L.C.C. and Gaius here ally.
8. Teetotal river. (9) Men who'll do, or die.
10. Inconsequent. Its tail, you'll find, is not.
11. Take air in company? The very spot.
12 rev. A concert-monger. (13) Einstein's faithful muse.
14. Cabbage, (25) and fruit. (26) Old headless King we'll choose.
29 rev. Blue stone. (31) J. Keats discoursed of me with skill.
37. Not pretty? If I plan, I'm muddled still.
40. See, little Edward stands upon his crown.
43. In me, you're in position—upside-down.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

MUSICAL CHAIRS.

Rather Partickler

"I see you're smoking the right stuff, sir."
"How did you know it was Three Nuns?"
"Bless you, I could pick out a Three Nuns man from a whole parlourful of pipes .... There's a good few smoke it hereabouts .... Like yourself, sir, if I may say so, some of us are rather partickler in these parts."

* * *

The rest is silence—and

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